

The Daily Mirror

THE MORNING JOURNAL WITH THE SECOND LARGEST SALE.

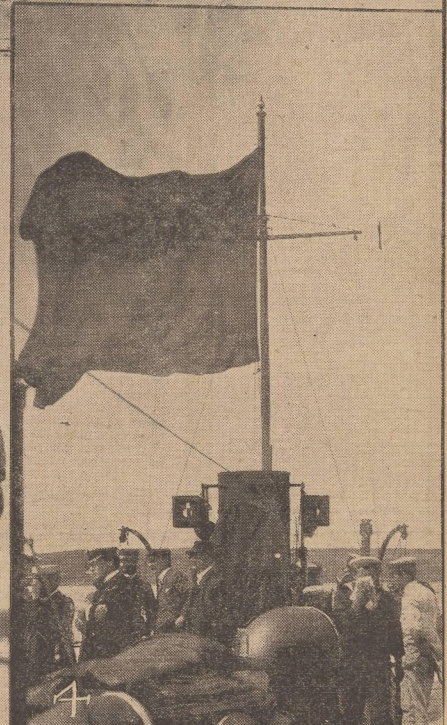
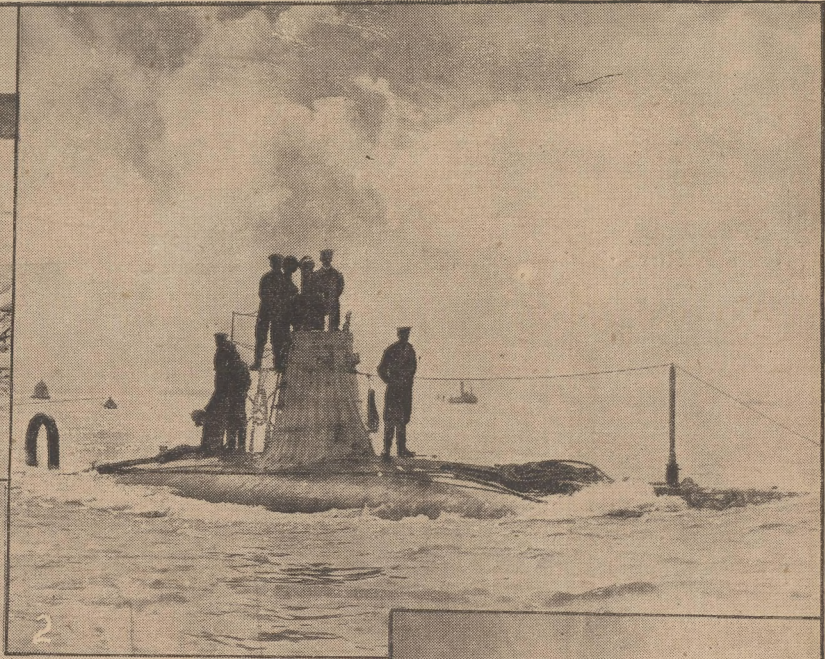
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FRIDAY, JUNE 9, 1905.

One Halfpenny.

YESTERDAY'S FATAL SUBMARINE DISASTER.



A third disaster to a British submarine was reported from Plymouth yesterday—submarine A8 being the unfortunate vessel. The A8 was a sister submarine of the one photographed in Nos. 1 and 2, and carried a crew of eighteen. No. 3 is a picture of the conning-tower of one of the new submarines, with some of her oilskin-clad crew, and was taken while she was carrying out surface evolutions. No. 4 shows the submarine flag flying on a destroyer during manoeuvres in accordance with the Admiralty regulation just issued. It is a warning for other vessels to give the submarines a wide berth.—(Cribb.)

From all Chemists &

Price-2s 6d and 4s 6d

Antipon

• PRESS •
• AND •
• PUBLIC •
SPEAK IN
HIGH TERMS •
• OF •
"ANTIPON"

PERMANENTLY CURES OBESITY

• EVERY •
ORIGINAL
LETTER
CAREFULLY
• FILED •
• FOR •
REFERENCE.

PUBLIC opinion has placed "Antipon" once and for all on the highest pinnacle as a scientific discovery—one of the most noteworthy of the age in the domain of medicine. A glance at the extracts from the testimony of press and public given on this page should suffice to convince everyone of the unique and wonderful properties of "Antipon" both as a permanent cure for the distressing disease of obesity and as a tonic of the greatest value. Yet these extracts are but a tithe of the grateful personal testimonials and the enthusiastic press opinions received by the "Antipon" Company and carefully preserved at their offices in proof of genuineness. Apart from these cordial expressions of thanks and approval, "Antipon" has received the unqualified endorsement of the most competent authorities, all of whom agree as to the perfect purity and harmlessness of the preparation, and to its truly beneficial effect upon the entire system. Briefly, "Antipon" definitely replaces all remedies and methods hitherto employed for the elimination of superfluous fat. It stands alone—supreme as a weight-reducer, permanently restoring beauty of form, health, strength, and vitality.

"Antipon" as a Weight-reducer.

The weight-reducing action of "Antipon" is apparent from the start. A day and a night after the first dose the scales prove a decrease, in quite ordinary cases, of 8oz. to 3lb. The directions being consistently followed, there will then be a steady reduction day by day until normal weight is restored, with correct proportions. The doses may then be discontinued with the assurance that the result attained is lasting. It will be found that the disagreeable tendency to "put on flesh" is radically overcome. Nothing but ordinary prudence is required to retain the graceful proportions so easily and pleasantly regained by this marvellous but simple treatment.

"Antipon" as a Tonic.

Corpulent persons are frequently afflicted with dyspepsia, indigestion, constipation, and other ailments of a kindred kind. This is due to the digestive process being impaired by congestion, etc. "Antipon" perfects the digestive process—tones up the digestive organs—and prevents a waste accumulation of fatty matter in the system. In the obese condition this waste matter is being continually deposited by the blood in the tissues, thus dangerously increasing the growth of diseased and superfluous fatty matter. "Antipon" gradually, safely, and surely absorbs and eliminates all abnormal and unhealthy fatty deposits, and prevents a sluggish circulation by keeping the blood (enriched by wholesome nourishment) in a normal and healthy condition. Thus the whole organism undergoes a beneficent change.

"Antipon" as an Appetizer.

Most old-time remedies (so-called) for obesity really relied on a semi-starvation dietary and sweating, and often aggravated these pernicious methods by mineral drugs! "Antipon" requires no such assistance. On the contrary, its sole ally is good, wholesome food; and by its splendid tonic action it creates the healthy natural appetite necessary for the full enjoyment of that wholesome food. This, with the improved digestive powers, ensures gradual increase of strength and vitality in muscle, nerve, and brain, so that at the completion of the course of treatment the subject is a new being, full of life and energy, reinvigorated physically and mentally. It stands to reason that while the superabundant fat is being positively destroyed and eliminated, the normal supply of food, well digested and assimilated, must perforce create new muscular and nerve tissue and promote vigour, stamina, and staying power.

"Antipon" as a Beautifier.

The reduction effected by "Antipon" is not merely abdominal, but embraces the entire body. The baggy cheeks, the bulky neck, the double chin, subside into graceful lines; the waist becomes elegant, the hips lose their heaviness. The muscles of the limbs, being strengthened, become firm and shapely. The general bearing becomes graceful, the step elastic, the movements alert. "Antipon" also stimulates the action of the skin. The complexion is improved; there is a glow of health upon the cheek, and a general appearance of brightness which stout persons rarely exhibit. The general health, of course, is radically improved by the elimination of the dangerous deposit of internal fat that impedes the natural functions of the vital organs. Altogether, to follow a course of "Antipon" means that any stout person may in a very short time look and feel many years younger.

"Antipon" is a liquid, pleasant to take and perfectly harmless. It contains nothing of mineral origin. It is neither aperient nor constipating, and causes no stomachic or other discomfort.

"Antipon" can be had of Chemists, Stores, etc., price 2/6 and 4/6 per bottle; or, should any difficulty arise, may be obtained (on sending cash remittance), post free, under private package, direct from the Sole Manufacturers.

THE "ANTIPON" CO., 13, Buckingham St., Strand, W.C.

"Ball's Pond Road, London, N.
"Having benefited so much from your 'Antipon' I feel it only right to send you this testimonial. I am pleased to say a few bottles have reduced me two stone, and that it is the only thing that has ever affected me, although I tried several other (supposed) flesh-reducing medicines. I am just sending one of your advertisements to South Australia to a friend of mine who I know is putting on too much flesh."
M. F.

The "ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" says:—"Antipon" not only speedily absorbs and throws out of the system all superabundant adipose matter, but increases strength and vitality."

"Haveringham.
"I am very pleased to say that with the first bottle I reduced eight pounds."
G. C.

The "ILLUSTRATED SPORTING AND DRAMATIC NEWS" says:—"Antipon, to which warm praise has been given by medical authorities, reduces flesh—or, rather, fat—from the very first dose, and has a general tonic and invigorating effect upon the entire system, so that at the end of the cure the patient is both healthier and stronger in muscle and nerve. 'Antipon' may justly be regarded as a very beneficial discovery."

An Oxfordshire Surgeon writes:—"I am trying it ('Antipon') in a series of cases of a man weighing 16 stone, short, and with heart affection. He already has lost 3 stone."

"GREAT THOUGHTS" says:—"A most economical treatment for the permanent cure of obesity, and, at the same time, the most reliable and beneficial ever known, is provided by 'Antipon,' a remedy which has met with the most gratifying success."

"Beaulieu, N.B.
"I am writing to say I have great satisfaction through taking 'Antipon.' I have managed to lose nearly 3lb. in weight by following your directions. I think one more bottle will reduce me to about 155 lb. (about standard weight), my height being 6ft."
L. E. B.

"Bath.
"Please dispatch 'urgent' another parcel ('Antipon'). It is most successful. I should like to draw your attention to a curious fact. For some months I have been suffering from Eczema. It has been slowly healing ever since the first week, and now every place is as healthy as a child's skin."
(Mrs.) G. D.

"Eastly, near Dover.
"Please send me another case of 'Antipon.' I am glad to tell you that I am getting beautifully less in weight, and feel a thousand times better in health since taking 'Antipon.' I shall gladly do all I can to make it known to my friends."
(Mrs.) J. D. Y.

The "LADY'S PICTORIAL" says:—"To reduce superabundant fat is of vital importance. The wonderful fat absorbent 'Antipon' performs this work promptly, safely, and with permanent effect. It goes to the very root of the evil; the cure is complete and permanent."

A Sheffield Trained Nurse writes:—"I have used 'Antipon' in the case of the very fattest woman I have ever nursed. The result has been marvellous. She is getting smaller and beautifully less every day, and the best of it is she is in perfect health now, where before she had all sorts of troubles."

The "CHRISTIAN AGE" says:—"Antipon" not only possesses the power of permanently reducing fatness, but it is a splendid tonic, which, by increasing appetite and reinvigorating the digestive powers, assists in the re-nourishment and muscular development of the body."

The "SKETCH" says:—"This pleasant, rational, and most efficacious remedy may be warmly recommended to stout persons of both sexes as much for health's sake as for the attainment of perfect elegance of figure."

"The Manager, Army and Navy Stores, Bombay.

"Dear Sir,—Please send me a large bottle of 'Antipon.' . . . When I started 'Antipon' I was 290lb. in weight, and the reduction since starting it is great (61lb.) for I only weigh 134lb. I can now take four-mile walks with ease. Besides its reducing qualities, another recommendation is its power of reducing gracefulness for my skin is quite tightened. My heart is stronger, and its beating healthier. Besides, I have an excellent appetite, and have never restricted myself in any form of diet."
(Mrs.) F. M. S.

The "SOUTH LONDON PRESS" says:—"Without the slightest hesitancy we say to our stout friends and readers, try 'Antipon,' truly the most remarkable remedy of its kind ever discovered."

"Titchhurst.
"I received the 6d. bottle of 'Antipon,' and am very much surprised to find it so efficacious. I was fifty-four inches round the abdomen, and am now forty-eight inches only."

The "SHEFFIELD INDEPENDENT" says:—"Antipon is a fair to revolutionise medical science as far as the cure of corpulence is concerned."

The "MANCHESTER RECORDER" says:—"It is satisfactory to know that 'Antipon' is the practical result of a specialist's researches and discoveries, so that reliance can be placed upon its efficacy."

"Abergavenny.
"I am very pleased with the result of 'Antipon.' I am now very slightly over my normal weight, so must not continue to use it much longer. I consider it a most useful discovery. I feel much better and lighter since beginning to take 'Antipon.' My clothes at first began to feel delightfully loose from about the second day."
(Miss) D.

The "YOUNG LADIES' JOURNAL" says:—"We unhesitatingly commend to the notice of our stout friends the marvellous specific 'Antipon,' giving back elasticity and grace of movement."

Nurse E. B. of Radcliffe-on-Trent, writes:—"I received the bottle of 'Antipon,' and have already found relief. Kindly forward another bottle."

Nurse T. —, writing from an address at Wimbledon, says:—"Please find enclosed 4/6 for another bottle of 'Antipon.' I have lost 3lb. with the first bottle."

"Bournemouth.
"I have taken two bottles of 'Antipon,' and am a stone lighter than when I commenced taking it."
(Mrs.) F. R.

SUBMARINE HORROR

A8 Sinks at Plymouth with an Officer and Thirteen Men.

KING'S SYMPATHY.

Third Disaster in British Submarine Fleet — Petrol Explosion the Cause.

England was staggered yesterday by the news of yet another terrible disaster to a submarine.

At half-past ten yesterday morning submarine A8, manoeuvring outside Plymouth breakwater went down after a series of explosions. Nineteen officers and men were on board, of these only four were saved.

One officer and fourteen gallant seamen, loved by all England for their bravery in facing the terrible dangers of submarine work, lay last night in their iron coffin at the bottom of Plymouth Harbour.

England will mourn for them as she did for the heroes of A1 and A5, laying tributes of honour on their grave, and Great Britain's marvellous Navy will find yet another score of heroes to take their place.

FIRST SAD NEWS.

The first news of this horror of the sea was received in the following telegram dispatched by the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport to the Secretary of the Admiralty:

I deeply regret to report that submarine A8 went down under way outside breakwater at 10.30 a.m. while at exercise under supervision of Commander Hall.

She had crew and men under training on board at the time to the number of eighteen. Four only are saved. Names will be sent as soon as known.

The Admiralty has ordered an immediate inquiry.

Later in the day the Admiralty received the following telegram, which gives in grimly severe detail the news that all hope in regard to the lives of fourteen men must be abandoned.

Diving parties are searching for submarine. Will report further.

Heavy explosion has occurred over position of A8, and Commander Hall reports that he fears there is now no hope of saving life.

The following are the names of the officers and men saved:

Lieutenant Algernon H. C. Candy; Sub-Lieutenant Hugh C. Murdoch; William R. Waller, petty officer, first class, O.N. 124909; George Watt, acting leading stoker, second class, O.N. 289402, Portsmouth.

The following are the names of those who formed the remainder of the crew of the boat:

William George Ayloff, petty officer, first class, O.N. 79448, Portsmouth.

Joseph Thomas, leading seaman, O.N. 173838, Portsmouth.

Thomas Cusick, leading seaman, O.N. 194176, Devonport.

Stephen Birch, A.B., O.N. 201849, Chatham.

George Beedham, engine-room artificer, third class, O.N. 299608, Chatham.

Frederick Vickers, engine-room artificer, third class, O.N. 298707, Portsmouth.

Thomas Samuel Reeve, chief stoker, O.N. 137633, Devonport.

The following, in addition, were on board for training:

Sub-Lieutenant Edward T. Fletcher.

Arthur B. Crew, petty officer, first class, O.N. 180703, Portsmouth.

James W. Simpson, leading seaman, O.N. 131481, Devonport.

John McKnight, A.B., O.N. 307393, Devonport.

John Kerswell, leading seaman, O.N. 181481, Devonport.

Arthur Rylands, A.B., O.N. 180612, Chatham.

William George Buckland, engine-room artificer, third class, O.N. 270254, Chatham.

Edmond Green, stoker, O.N. 282298, Portsmouth.

Together with the remainder of the crew as above they went down with the boat.

THE KING'S SYMPATHY.

His Majesty the King has sent through the Commander-in-Chief at Devonport his sincere sympathy and condolences to the relatives of those who were lost in the disaster.

HOW IT OCCURRED.

Three Explosions on the Surface and One Below Water.

PETROL THE CAUSE.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

DEVONPORT, Thursday.—The intimation of the disaster was notified by submarine A8 herself, which signalled that she was submerged and could not come to the surface.

This signal, which was received at 10.20, read thus: "All right up to present."

Two submarines, A7 and A8, had been going out to sea, when three loud explosions were heard to take place on the latter vessel. Then A8 was seen to be sinking. Her hatches were open at the time.

Some of the men were standing in the vicinity of the conning tower, and were washed off and picked up.

An ordinary and training crew were on board the submarine at the time she sank. Lieutenant Candy was in charge of the boat, and the other officers were Sub-Lieutenants Fletcher and Murdoch.

I am able to say definitely that fifteen men were drowned and four saved.

The Central News, describing the vessel's disappearance, states that submarine A8 was making preliminary preparations to dive when a loud explosion was heard by the crews of the other submarines, and also by the destroyer which accompanied them.

The first explosion was followed by two more in rapid succession, and with one of the explosions a flash was seen coming from the conning-tower.

Immediately the other vessels steamed towards A8 to render assistance; but before they could reach her she sank.

The place where the submarine disappeared was buoyed, and signals were made for assistance.

It is believed that the explosion was caused by an escape of petrol.

EXPERT'S OPINION.

Captain Bacon's Account of How a Previous Accident Was Caused.

At the inquiry after the explosion on the A5 Captain Bacon said: "Submarine boats of necessity carry large quantities of energy stored in a very small compass in the form of electricity, oil, and compressed air. Necessity for great care exists."

"This care should be systematised to avoid all danger. Before this accident there was a strong smell of petrol, owing to a leakage. The fans were started, and the leak was not stopped previously."

"The motors were deliberately started to revolve the engine to exhaust the vapour. The sparking of the brushes supplied the necessary ignition to the mixture, and immediately an explosion occurred."

"If a man introduces an electric spark into a submarine boat smelling of petrol he does so contrary to regulations, and disaster is almost certain."

"EVERY PRECAUTION."

But Petrol Is an Ever-present Menace to the Safety of the Boats.

Our Portsmouth correspondent telegraphed last night:

"A submarine specialist tells me that although every precaution is taken the petrol used for the engines is an ever-present menace to the safety of the boat. One can never feel quite safe with it, as a small leak, if not quickly discovered, would infallibly mean an explosion of a disastrous character. Mice, being very sensitive of smell, are quickest to detect a gasoline escape, and for that reason a cage of them is carried in all submarine boats."

"The crew of a submarine, added the expert, 'always hold their lives in their hands, for whenever they go down they are never quite certain that they will come up again safely.'

"Few people outside those employed in the flotillas, know the number of times that an accident is only averted by the narrowest margin."

ALCOHOL SHOULD BE USED.

Mr. S. F. Edge, who is an authority on all motors, is of opinion that the appalling explosion caused on A8, the submarine, at Plymouth, was due to the escape of hydrogen from the accumulators.

He goes on to state that if alcohol were used it would greatly tend to minimise the danger of explosion—the reason being that alcohol will freely mix with water, while petrol will float on top, an inflammable mass.

The only reason that he can give against using alcohol as a motive power is the very high excise duty levied on it, and the strong, overpowering smell which it gives off, this being especially so in a confined space on a submarine.

SURVIVORS' STORY.

Thrilling Narrative by One of the Crew of the A8.

"HATCHES WERE OPEN."

In an interview with one of the survivors a Press Association representative was informed that the two submarines A7 and A8 left the harbour at nine o'clock yesterday morning in company with torpedo-boat No. 80, to go into the Channel and carry out exercises.

There were nineteen hands on board submarine A8. They reached the Sound, outside the breakwater, all right, when quite suddenly, and without the slightest warning, submarine A8 dipped and sank.

"The hatches were open," continued the narrator, "and the boat consequently filled with water. We were immediately thrown into the water, and, as at that time submarine A7 and torpedo-boat No. 80 were ahead of us, they did not know what had actually happened. I cannot say how long I was in the water. I was hampered considerably by heavy seas, by my boots and clothing, and was getting in a very exhausted state."

"I shouted, and Lieutenant Candy came to my assistance and kept me afloat until a boat had been lowered from a passing fishing-smack."

"We were taken on board the fishing-vessel, and subsequently conveyed up the harbour to the Forth, the parent ship, which we had only left an hour or two previously. I cannot venture to give any reason with regard to the cause of the accident."

On being asked if he thought there was any hope of recovering the imprisoned men alive, the survivor remarked that there could not be the slightest, as, the hatches being open, the submarine would fill.

PREVIOUS DISASTERS.

Three Submarine Disasters Involving Loss of Many Lives.

It is not long since submarines were first built for the British Navy, but this is the third submarine disaster involving loss of life.

In March, 1904, the A1, a vessel of the same type as that which sank yesterday, went to the bottom off the Isle of Wight, and her commander, Lieutenant Mansergh, Sub-Lieutenant Churchill, and nine men were drowned.

It was believed that the A1, which had been manoeuvring beneath the surface, had been struck by the liner Berwick Castle, which passed about that time and reported that she had been struck by a torpedo. The crew of the A1 had not the slightest chance of escape, and owing to the strong tides and rough weather prevailing in the Channel it was over a month before the vessel could be raised.

Another fatal accident occurred at Queenstown in March last, when, owing to petrol exploding on the A5, five men and Sub-Lieutenant Skinner were killed. In this case there were two explosions, believed to have been caused by an electric spark having fired vapour from the petrol which is used to drive these boats when they are on the surface.

The second explosion injured men of the rescuing party, who had rowed to the submarine in small boats.

In December, 1903, there was a narrow escape from a terrible disaster. The submarine No. 3 struck the passenger steamer Prince of Wales near the entrance to Portsmouth Harbour, and made a big hole in the ship's side. The Prince of Wales had to be run aground to save her from sinking.

Nearly twenty years ago, long before submarines formed part of our Navy, a vessel of this type, the Nautilus, stuck in the mud at Tilbury, and Lord Charles Beresford, who was on board, had a narrow escape from being suffocated.

NORWAY'S REVOLUTION.

Suggested Offer of a Throne to Prince Arthur of Connaught.

Although the revolution in Norway, against the sovereignty of King Oscar and union with Sweden, has been carried out on peaceful lines, there is no doubt that the countries have been deeply moved.

King Oscar has been the recipient of many manifestations of affection. Yesterday all the Norwegians in the Scandinavian Diplomatic Service resigned their appointments.

A London Norwegian, in the course of an interview in the "Daily News," hinted that if the ruling house did not supply them with a King, the throne might be offered to Prince Arthur of Connaught.

NANSEN AMBASSADOR TO LONDON.

COPENHAGEN, Thursday.—According to a telegram from Christiania Professor Fritjof Nansen will be appointed Norwegian Ambassador in London, and M. Hagerup, formerly Premier, will occupy a similar position in Berlin.—Exchange.

PEACE OR WAR?

Contradictory Reports Issued Concerning the Intentions of Russia.

Contradictory reports are circulated concerning the decision arrived at by the Council held at Tsarskoe Selo on Tuesday to consider the question of making peace.

In one quarter the statement that the Ambassadors of the Tsar in Paris and Washington have been notified by the Council of Ministers that Russia is "desirous of learning Japan's conditions of peace" is contradicted.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Echo de Paris" states that General Alexieff, Admiral Avelan, General Gripenberg, General Sakharoff, and Count Lamsdorf were present at the Council. It is affirmed that the meeting pronounced in favour of war to the finish.

Meantime Washington remains the centre of diplomatic activity, and all eyes are upon President Roosevelt. The Japanese Minister there has informed the Press that the situation is too delicate for him to say anything.

LINIEVITCH IN PERIL.

Russia's Manchurian Army Encircled by 600,000 Japanese.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Petit Journal" telegraphs that the belief holds that General Linievitch is nearly surrounded. It is stated that the effective of Marshal Oyama's army has been raised to 600,000 men.

The Japanese have now five armies in Manchuria of between 100,000 and 150,000 men each. Marshal Oyama has been making exceptional preparations for a gigantic struggle for the last two months.

Admiral Enkvist has received the following telegram from St. Petersburg:

"Remain at Manila, at the disposition of the American Government. Effect repairs as much as possible.—(Signed) NICHOLAI."

NEW SPEAKER ELECTED.

Will Mr. Lowther Continue the Clean Shaven Tradition?

HOUSE OF COMMONS LIBRARY, Thursday Night.—The ancient and picturesque ceremonial of electing a new Speaker was solemnly gone through this afternoon, when Mr. J. W. Lowther was formally installed in that high and honourable office.

The announcement in the "Daily Mirror" a few days ago that in all probability Mr. Lowther would deem it advisable to remove his moustache has created great interest among members. Many take the view that such a proceeding is quite unnecessary, while others assert that tradition demands such a sacrifice. For my part I shall not be at all surprised if when Mr. Lowther next presents himself to the House not only the moustache but the beard also has disappeared.

With the prospect of finer weather this afternoon members gladly dispersed for the Whitsuntide holidays, to re-assemble on the 20th.

CHINESE LABOUR RIOT.

One White Man Killed and Several Injured in Johannesburg Mine.

Chinese labour in South Africa is not proceeding as harmoniously as some predicted.

A Reuter message from Johannesburg states that the Chinese in the Cressus mine on Wednesday night attacked the whites' quarters.

The whites fled for their lives. One was killed and a few were injured.

MIDNIGHT TELEGRAMS.

Though her life was despaired of a week ago, Miss Maude Adams, the famous American actress, is now recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

By special desire of the Kaiser, there were no extensive illuminations for the Crown Prince's wedding, the Emperor having expressed a wish that large sums should not be spent on them.

By a fire, which completely gutted the house at 66, Robert-street, Camden Town, last night, a little twelve-months-old child was burnt to death. Another child was rescued by a neighbour.

Coventry Chamber of Commerce is initiating an effort to secure for all towns whose population exceeds 50,000, a continuous day and night Sunday service for the receipt and dispatch of telegrams.

The King will give a gift of £4,000 to be given at the exhibition at the opening of the Simphon Tunnel, is to be devoted to prizes for the best motor-omnibus, best motor-boat, best model of workmen's dwellings, and best system to guarantee purity of milk.

ROYAL REVIEW.

**King Alfonso Inspects Many
Regiments Famous in
Spanish History.**

OPERATIC TRIUMPH.

**Brilliant Spectacle at the Covent
Garden Gala Performance.**

King Alfonso's genuine enthusiasm for sight-seeing and even for ceremonial was again evidenced yesterday.

He was out and about in the morning before the average City man had left his suburban home.

The Tower of London, Tower Bridge, and St. Paul's only whetted his appetite for lunch.

A firing review at Aldershot served but as a foil to the gorgeous spectacle and splendid music of a gala night at Covent Garden Opera House.

And the best part of it is his Majesty's obvious and unaffected enjoyment of it all.

ON TOWER HILL.

**Early Morning Inspection of the Regalia and
the Armoury.**

Accompanied by the Earl of Denbigh, Sir Stanley Clarke, and two members of his suite, King Alfonso left Buckingham Palace soon after ten for the Tower of London.

He travelled by way of the Embankment and Cannon-street in the King's motor-car, and his visit not having been publicly announced he passed through London practically unnoticed.

Lieutenant-General G. B. Milman, the Keeper of the Tower, and Lieutenant-General Sir H. Gough, who has charge of the Crown jewels, received the royal party at half-past ten, and the young King at once proceeded to make a thorough tour of the building, which was meanwhile closed to the general public.

Asking many questions of General Milman, he halted at the Traitors' Gate for a few moments, then passed through the Jewel Room, the Beauchamp Tower, and the Armoury. He seemed, as do many ordinary visitors to the Tower, particularly interested in the executioner's block and axe.

After spending nearly an hour thus, and expressing his admiration of the gorgeous uniforms of the Beefeaters, his Majesty was driven over the Tower Bridge, where the motor-car slowed up to enable him to get a good view of the river, through Tooley-street, and over London Bridge.

On the way back to the Palace the car halted outside St. Paul's Cathedral, the King appearing to take great interest in the splendid building. Then by way of Ludgate-hill and the Embankment the royal party returned to the Palace.

REVIEW AT ALDERSHOT.

**Regiments Famous in Spanish History Play
a Prominent Part.**

A real London crowd was waiting for King Alfonso at Waterloo Station yesterday, when he arrived at that point to take train to Aldershot for the review.

The cheering was perhaps the loudest and longest that has yet greeted him, and with every sign of delight he stood up in the landau the better to see the crowd.

Standing there, with his hand at the salute, he gave everybody an excellent chance of seeing him to advantage.

King Alfonso was attended by his full suite, King Edward, the Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Connaught being also attended.

On arriving at Aldershot at three o'clock the royal party was escorted by the 2nd Life Guards, and a procession of nine carriages was formed.

Arriving at Government Ground, they were greeted with a royal salute of twenty guns, and at the Berkshire Cope their Majesties alighted and mounted chargers. With them rode the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught.

The young King rode past the long line of spectators until he came to the flagstaff, where he was received with a royal salute from the troops on parade under Sir John French, whilst the massed bands of the Grenadier, Coldstream, Scots, and Irish Guards played the Spanish National Anthem, followed by God Save the King.

King Edward and the King of Spain then inspected the troops on parade, the massed bands of each brigade playing as his Majesty passed along the line. Having finished the inspection, his Majesty resumed his place at the flagstaff for the march past.

In all 25,000 troops took part, many of them

historic regiments that fought side by side with Spanish troops a century ago.

The galloping past by the cavalry and Royal Horse Artillery afforded a magnificent sight, and the advance in review order brought a brilliant pageant to a close.

COVENT GARDEN A BOWER OF ROSES.

**Most Elaborate Gala Night Ever At-
tempted at the Opera.**

Covent Garden was transformed into a palace of roses last night for the gala performance in honour of the King of Spain, who attended with King Edward, Queen Alexandra, and numerous other royalties and their suites.

It was the most elaborate gala night that has ever been undertaken at the theatre, and when the brilliant audience rose to greet the monarchs the scene was a wonderful one.

From every box shone beautiful jewels and decorations, magnificent dresses and uniforms adding still further beauty to the picture, which was enhanced by the thousands of roses which were in profusion everywhere.

From midnight on Wednesday till 6 p.m. yesterday hundreds of workmen were busy transforming the auditorium into a fairy bower. Every box and tier was ornamented with pink roses upon a background of foliage, different designs appearing in each tier.

A special royal box was constructed from the six centre boxes of the grand tier, and formed the centre-piece of the decorative scheme. All the interior of the box was decorated in a mauve and gold scheme, for which hundreds of costly orchids and roses were employed.

Just above the box were canopies of roses, in the centre being an imperial crown and cipher. Immediately below were trellis shells, from which sprang cascades of orchids and other blooms, in the centre being the flags of the two countries, entirely composed of flowers.

The rest of the grand tier boxes were festooned with roses, below each being a Louis XVI. gilt ball of flowers. The other tiers were similarly decorated.

The proscenium also was framed in plants and flowers—all cocoas palms stood on each side at its base, whilst the upper part was treated with showery roses and foliage. The vestibule, grand staircase, and the royal retiring rooms were one mass of beautiful plants and rare blooms, and at the head of the staircase some rare tapestries were exhibited.

The whole of the Bow-street entrances were reserved for the royal visitors, the usual royal entrance being not big enough for the occasion. On the outer portico in Bow-street was erected an awning, under which swung little electric lamps decorated in gold, whilst leading into the main vestibule was a canopy of red and white silk.

The ordinary public had to enter the theatre by the Floral-street doors, and were seated by 8.30 p.m.

£15,000 PAID FOR TICKETS.

Prices for the performance were enormous. Boxes which cost £400 were eagerly snapped up; stalls cost 10 guineas each, and the gallery (unreserved) was 10s. Early in the morning a squad of messenger boys commenced waiting for the latter seats, and later on in the day a big crowd was waiting.

The face value of the tickets for the performance was something like £15,000.

MUSICAL TRIUMPH.

**Playing of Spanish National Anthem
Arouses Enthusiasm.**

A guard of honour was posted outside the Opera House to receive the procession, which was accompanied by the King's escort from Buckingham Palace, and consisted of King Edward, King Alfonso, Queen Alexandra, the Prince of Wales, Princess Victoria, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their daughters, Prince Arthur of Battenberg, Princess Louise, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and other members of the Royal Family. Their Majesties were received at the entrance by the representatives of the syndicate—Lord de Grey, Mr. Higgins, and Mr. Forsyth—and conducted to the royal saloon.

On entering the royal box the National Anthem and the "Marcia Reale" were played, and the audience rose and greeted the monarchs most enthusiastically.

In the royal box the King of Spain sat between King Edward and Queen Alexandra, with the Prince of Wales and the Duke and Duchess of Connaught immediately to the left and right.

As to the entertainment (which, by the way, had no Spanish or English music or singers in it), there was an act from each of three operas, "Boris Godunov" (sung in French), "La Bohème" (in Italian), and "Gli Ugonotti" (in Italian).

The programme was a souvenir of white satin with the arms of Spain and Britain emblazoned on it, and containing portraits of King Alfonso, King Edward, and Queen Alexandra. For upper part of the box there was a vellum programme of similar design.

"ARMY" ON THE HEATH.

**Incidents of Out-of-Works' March on
London.**

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

ST. ALBANS, Thursday.—The Leicester out-of-works, to the number of 435, reached here this evening, and a very well ordered and compact army it was.

The marchers had been cheered by the improved weather, and on their arrival they found that the authorities had offered them the drill-hall for the night's sleep.

When the army started from Luton, where they had received a warm welcome, grey skies prevailed.

The journey, however, was soon to be relieved by an exciting incident, for the marchers had discovered in their midst an alien who had joined their ranks the previous day, enjoyed a hearty tea and the night's hospitality, and was presented with a new pair of socks.

As soon as he knew, by ominous glances, that he was discovered, the intruder made off, but he was pursued and brought to earth.

He was not maltreated, but he was thrust down in the grass and the socks were stripped off him, and he left about his business.

At Harpenden, where an excellent lunch was provided, the men were given copies of the *Daily Mirror* containing pictures of the previous day's walk.

Laughingly they endeavoured to find themselves in the photos. "Here I be, Jim," cried one in triumph, "I'm a-goin' to send this 'ome to the missus."

After luncheon came an impressive little service in the old Norman parish church, and then on over the heathland to St. Albans, where everybody, old and young, rich and poor, poured their practical sympathy into the collecting-boxes.

In the cool evening a meeting was held, and a parade of the troops followed. A short service, "lights out" at half-past ten, and the tired-out army fell fast into a slumber known only to those wearied by health-giving exertion in the open air.

WORKERS FOR CANADA.

**Bishop of Stepney's Appeal for a Deserving
Emigration Fund.**

An agency for transferring unemployed workmen and their families from London to Canada has had to cease work for lack of funds.

This is the East-End Emigration Fund. Last year it sent 700 persons to Canada, nearly all of whom are doing well. Already 1,270 persons have been sent this year, and this strain has exhausted the resources of the fund.

In yesterday's "Times," the Bishop of Stepney appeals for help for this fund. There are at least 600 persons, carefully tested and selected, waiting for a chance to emigrate.

Three thousand pounds are urgently required for the immediate needs of the fund, and another £3,000 to maintain the excellent work.

DAYS SEEMED MONTHS.

**Terrible Experience of a Miner Imprisoned
by Falling Earth.**

After being buried alive for five days, the solitary survivor of a mining accident at Werne, in Germany, has just been liberated.

The disaster was due to a fall of earth, which killed two men outright, and severely injured several others.

The miners who went to dig their imprisoned comrades out were baffled by a wall of rock, and had to dig round it.

Meantime they drilled a hole through the barrier, and passed a tube through it. Down this tube milk and seltzer water was conveyed to the prisoners.

Only one man, a machinist named Stuckenholz, was able to avail himself of this food. He could be heard continually asking how many months he had been imprisoned, and why more speed was not made.

When rescued he was unconscious.

PEER PUBLICLY FIGHTS HIS BROTHER.

According to "Vanity Fair," a fracas between two brothers, the elder of whom is a peer, took place recently in a public resort, and caused considerable scandal.

The elder taxed his brother with not having visited his new sister-in-law. Before a reply could be made the younger brother received a violent blow in the face, blacking his eye. He replied by another, injuring his brother's lip.

PIGMIES AT THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

Yesterday the African pigmies visited the Foreign Office, and were introduced by Sir Harry Johnston to the officials of the African Department.

Attended by an Arab interpreter, the little people carried bows and arrows and other primitive weapons. The ladies of the party were attired in costumes of many colours.

SUNSHINE AFTER THE RAIN.

**Brighter Prospects for the Holidays
at Seaside.**

HOPES AND FEARS.

The crops have had their thirst quenched by four days of almost incessant rain, and the sun shone yesterday to complete the blessing. For once in a way town dwellers and farmers rejoiced together.

Hopes ran high for a fine Whitsuntide, though the traditional fickleness of the climate induced many to carry umbrellas, superstitiously hoping thereby to keep off the rain.

It was the subject of general congratulation that King Alfonso had not been denied the pleasure of seeing a rainless English day, albeit a rather dull one.

Cricketers and cricket enthusiasts were particularly delighted by the sunshine, which made a dry skin compatible with witnessing the national game. There were good attendances at Lord's and the Oval, where the Australians and Gloucestershire were the respective visitors.

There is cheering improvements in the weather from the numerous seaside resorts, as the following reports show:—

ILFRACOMBE.—The sun shone brightly and the air was quite warm. Visitors arrived in good numbers all day.

REYL.—Delightfully sunny. Bowling, yachting, and golfing in full swing. Record Whitsuntide expected.

BOURNEMOUTH.—Weather rather unsettled. Great preparations being made for Whitsuntide holiday-makers.

PENZANCE.—Outlook good for holidays. Glass steady, with wind from the north. Visitors booking apartments all over town.

BLACKPOOL.—Foggy and fifty special excursions due at the week-end. Weather shows decided signs of improving.

YARMOUTH.—Winter Gardens ready to accommodate the people if it rains. Military bands in the Beach Gardens, and special attractions in the Floral Fairyland and the Royal Aquarium.

WORTHING.—Whole country refreshed by recent rains, sun shining yesterday. Holiday attractions include sports, military displays, and illuminated concerts.

AREKSTWYTH.—New Coliseum opened and an arcade for shoppers. Pierrots indoors and outdoors.

DOUGLAS.—Rain off. Twelve steamer-loads of visitors expected to-day.

SCARBOROUGH.—Weather delightful, and place crowding with visitors. Fifteen thousand more expected on Monday. Fireworks on the Spa.

LOWESTOFT.—Weather promising finely. Grand holiday programmes for all tastes. Confetti battles in the evenings on the pier.

EASTBOURNE.—Sarah Bernhardt matinee on Monday. Weather improving, though cloudy still.

BRIGHTON.—Sun shining, with occasional showers. Extensive round of amusement. Railway and military band will perform during holidays.

HASTINGS.—Praying for sunshine, and expecting it. No rain yesterday, but sky dull. Plethora of indoor and outdoor amusements.

FOLKESTONE.—Special holiday performance of "La Dame aux Camélias" by Mme. Sarah Bernhardt and company. Special trips to Boulogne and motor trips.

ETON BOYS BETTER.

**Searching Inquiry Into the Cause of Their
Strange Illness.**

The majority of the sufferers from ptomaine poisoning in Mr. Stone's house, at Eton College, are now convalescent.

Local people are saying that it is another argument in favour of the "simple life" advocated by Canon Lyttelton, the headmaster-elect, for the trouble is alleged to be due to the eating of certain delicacies allowed the boys in connection with the "Fourth of June" celebrations.

Searching inquiries are being made into the origin of the illness. The drains have all been tested, and it is understood, were found to be satisfactory.

WHITSUN HOLIDAYS ABROAD.

**Continental Travellers should not
forget to ask for the Continental
"Daily Mail" everywhere.**

ROYAL WINDSOR'S BRILLIANT WEEK.

Preparing for King Alfonso's Visit
and Thursday's Wedding.

MANY PRINCES AS GUESTS.

Windsor presents a dazzling vista of scarlet and yellow. The whole town is gay with flags and bunting in honour, first, of the visit of the King of Spain to-day, and secondly of the wedding next Thursday of Princess Margaret of Connaught to Prince Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden.

King Alfonso will be received by the mayor and corporation of the royal borough at the railway station, and will be presented with an address of welcome. He will then drive by way of the High-street and Park-street to the Long Walk, the entrance to the Castle being made by the Cambridge Gates and Sovereign's Entrance.

The day will be spent in inspecting the Castle and grounds, driving about Windsor Great Park, and visiting the farms and Virginia Water. Instead of returning to town from Windsor Station, he will drive first through Eton to the College, which he is most anxious to see, and thence to Slough, where the royal party will take the train.

Royal Garden Party.

The Royal Family, including the King and Queen, are expected at Windsor Castle on Saturday night.

The bride and bridegroom are expected to arrive on Tuesday, and will be accommodated at the Castle; the Prince of Wales will stay at Frogmore, and Prince and Princess Christian at Cumberland Lodge.

On Tuesday evening there will be a royal dinner-party at the Castle and a state banquet on Wednesday.

The royal garden-party is fixed for next Wednesday afternoon. It is stated that 6,000 invitations have been issued, making it the largest garden-party ever given at the Castle, the number of invitations being usually limited to 2,000.

The royal visitors will include the Crown Prince and Princess of Sweden, with their sons, Prince William and Prince Eric, the Khedive of Egypt, Prince and Princess Frederick Charles of Hesse, Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia, Prince and Princess Christian of Denmark, the Duke and Duchess of Sparta, and the Prince and Princess of Waldeck and Pyrmont.

Honeymoon in Ireland.

The ceremony in St. George's Chapel is fixed for 12.30 on Thursday.

There will be three processions from the Castle to the chapel. At five minutes past twelve the bridegroom's procession will start; at 12.15, the King and Queen's procession; and at 12.25, that of the bride, who will be accompanied by the Duke of Connaught, who is to give her away. The bridesmaids and other royal guests will arrive in state carriages by twelve o'clock.

On the conclusion of the ceremony the processions will be re-formed, the bride and groom going first. The register will be signed in the White Drawing Room, under the auspices of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who will tie the nuptial knot.

The Prince and Princess will leave the Castle at five o'clock on their honeymoon, which is to be spent at Adare Manor, Lord Dunraven's Irish seat, at the special request of the bride. They will travel from Windsor in a special train.

BEATEN HORSES.

Steeplechase Jockeys Fined for Cruelty in
Sandown Park Paddock.

In the paddock of Sandown Park on April 29 two jockeys, named Thomas Dunn and Alfred Newey, were rebuked by several people for beating their horses after a steeplechase.

The horses were Cockatrice and Ravenshoe, and from the evidence given at Kingston Police Court, yesterday, where the jockeys were charged, it appeared that the butt end of the whip had been used in some temper upon the animals.

Dunn's defence was that Ravenshoe had not been trying in the race, but he did not intend to hurt it. Newey admitted hitting Cockatrice a rap on the side of the head to steady it.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was justified in the prosecution by Dunn being fined 10s., and Newey 4l.

MEANT FOR THE DOG.

At Westminster Police Court yesterday, when Amy Summers, of Pursers-road, Parson's Green, was charged with assaulting a police-constable, it was stated that she called him an "adjective hound," and then "swung round her little dog by the collar" and hit him (the officer) on the head. Summers said that the epithet was not meant for the constable, but as a term of endearment to the dog. Fined 10s., or seven days.

THE LADIES' DOG-SHOW.

Mr. Justice Darling in Humorous Vein
in the Canine Case.

Mr. Justice Darling indulged in some humorous obiter dicta in the "doggy" lawsuit yesterday.

When Mr. Drake, counsel for Mr. and Mrs. Dealtry, who are claiming from the Ladies' Kennel Association committee £1,000, due, they say, in connection with shows held at the Aquarium, was putting to a witness some intricate financial questions, the Judge said:

"If this case cannot be conducted without a prolonged examination of accounts, it will go to an official referee, who will amuse himself in it during the Whitsuntide holidays."

A shudder of sympathy for the poor referee in the risk he was running was mingled with the silvery, feminine laughter that greeted this joke.

Another joke was somewhat grimmer, and not so easy to "see" immediately.

Mrs. Stannard Robinson, the former secretary of the L.K.A., was giving evidence about the financial difficulties of the association. She said that the L.K.A. was insured by the committee for £3,000, and the policy was a security.

Mr. Justice Darling: I can't understand how, after all this trouble and worry, they did not come into their money. (Hesitating, halting laughter.)

A third joke was in much brighter vein.

Being cross-examined by Mr. Eldon Bankes, counsel for Lady Gooch, who, with Lady Aberdeen, and several other titled ladies, is included in the nineteen defendants, Mrs. Robinson said that the L.K.A. committee was divided into two categories, "doggy ladies" and "society ladies." (Laughter.)

"To which category does my client belong?" asked Mr. Bankes. (Loud laughter.)

Mrs. Robinson replied that Lady Gooch belonged to both classes.

"Does that mean," asked the Judge, "that among 'society ladies' she is a 'doggy lady,' and among 'doggy ladies' she is a 'society lady'?" (Prolonged laughter.)

The case was adjourned.

MAGISTRATE STONE-BREAKER

Mr. Fordham Discharges Prisoner After Trying
the "Allotted Task."

There was an unusual scene at the North London Police Court yesterday afternoon, when Mr. Fordham, the magistrate, went into the courtyard and tried his hand at stonebreaking.

Earlier in the day a young man had been remanded on a charge of refusing to do his allotted task of stonebreaking when an inmate of the Islington casual ward.

The prisoner said he could not do the work, and Mr. Fordham asked Mr. Romain, who prosecuted, to get him a sample of the stone with the implements used at the casual ward for breaking it.

About 2cwt. of granite stone and a couple of hammers were subsequently brought from the casual ward, and Mr. Fordham tried his hardest to break the stones. On returning to court, Mr. Fordham said he had never tried stone-breaking before, and certainly thought it very hard work. Prisoner was discharged.

TIPS FOR TOURISTS.

The "How" and "Where" of a Good and
Practical Whitsun Holiday.

The Daily Mirror Holiday Resort Guide is one of the newest publications on the bookstalls, and can certainly take its place with the best in the quality of its get-up, the accuracy of its information, and in its real usefulness.

It will commend itself to all readers, especially at this season, as it is just the right book at the right time. It is crammed with information of great value to the holiday-seeker—it tells where to go, how to get there, where to stay, in a concise and simple way. The climate of each resort is given, whether sands, rocks, or river, state of roads for cyclist and motorist, golf, fishing—even the question of mixed or family bathing has not been forgotten. It gives, besides many other features, a list of the best apartments and hotels, local cab fares, and an admirable map.

Bound in an attractive cover, it is a book of about eighty pages, with some interesting illustrations. The price of this excellent publication is only three-pence, and should prove a veritable boon to many of our readers. It is obtainable at all bookstalls, or by post for twopence extra, from the Publisher, Daily Mirror.

MONKEY IN A POLICE COURT.

A monkey at the West London Police Court lent a relief to the dull proceedings by leaping about the ledge of the dock, using its tails as tree branches and should prove a veritable boon to many of our readers. It is obtainable at all bookstalls, or by post for twopence extra, from the Publisher, Daily Mirror.

The animal was the victim of the cruelty supposed to be inflicted by one Salvatore Collalucia, but the magistrates dismissed the case.

WILL OF A JUDGE.

Pages of Lord St. Helier's Testament
Torn Out and Rewritten.

ENVELOPE IN A SAFE.

Lawyers, perhaps even more than laymen, find the making of their wills an irksome obligation, as though constant administration of the law for other people made them weary of its tedious processes when their own affairs are concerned.

Already this week publicity has been given to the fact that the late Lord Grimthorpe appended no fewer than fourteen codicils to his will, and yesterday a strange story was told about the will of the late Lord St. Helier, better remembered as Sir Francis Jeune.

In the Probate Court where Lord St. Helier used to preside sat Lady St. Helier, wearing the deep mourning of widowhood. She attended to the last will and testament of her late husband.

On her behalf Mr. Barnard, K.C., said that she was one of the executors of the last will of the late Judge. In 1892 Lord St. Helier drafted out a will, and after it had been executed a copy was made. The Court had the will as it was now propounded, and his Lordship would see certain alterations.

Alterations in the Will.

The first page was a copy of the original page, and then came the second page, which had been torn out and written in, and was practically a copy of the page of the original will.

It appeared that after the will of January had been executed there was some dispute as to his brother, and it appeared that Lord St. Helier struck out a part and got his late clerk, Philip Dyke, to recopy the page of the original will and put in a correction, including "My own rightful heirs, and Madeleine Stanley, and Dorothy Stanley, daughters of my wife, in equal moiety."

Envelope Marked "Will."

In the fourth page there were other alterations, leaving a legacy to Lord Francis Harvey, and a sum of £200 to his clerk, Thomas Jewell, and a sum of money to Hertford College, Oxford, for the purchase of plate in the discretion of the principal. The last page had also been rewritten and had also been recopied.

The will, after the pages had been recopied, was deposited in a safe at the house in Harley-street, where Lady St. Helier found it after his death in an envelope marked "Will" in his lordship's own handwriting.

Mr. Justice Deane (to Lady St. Helier): Is the word "will" on the envelope—Yes.

And is the word in your late husband's handwriting?—Yes.

Mr. Justice Deane: Very well. I will pronounce for the will, though I should have thought that Lord St. Helier would have been the last person in the world not to leave his will in a proper condition.

FACING THE WORLD WITH 2s. 6d.

Watchman at Seventy-Eight on How "the
Other Half" Lives.

It was a chapter of the workaday world that was unfolded before the deputy coroner at Hackney yesterday regarding the death of Charles Winter, aged seventy-eight, of Hackney, who recently had to relinquish his occupation.

After he gave up watching the new Hackney Police Station, the couple had to live on 5s. a week parish relief. Half of this went for rent.

They could not fight the world on 2s. 6d. a week, and the poor old fellow succumbed from hemorrhage on the brain.

Death from natural causes was the somewhat ironical comment of the jury on modern conditions of life. One pound from the coroner and 16s. from the jury sent the lone widow away with tears of gratitude in her eyes.

THE KINGSTON "RIOTS."

In connection with the recent "riots" at Kingston, James Marshall, alias "Liverpool Jimmy," a commission agent, and John Cochrane, labourer, of Hampton Wick, were again brought up for causing grievous bodily harm to five Irish navvies. The riot occurred on May 21, when the accused were alleged to have come into conflict with the navvies, who were employed laying tram lines, and a free fight ensued. Accused were committed for trial.

FRAUD ON CHARITY.

Three months' imprisonment was the sentence awarded at the Greenwich Police Court yesterday to Alfred Williams on a charge of obtaining charitable contributions by false pretences.

He obtained help from the Soldiers' and Sailors' Aid Society on the allegation that he belonged to the Rifle Brigade, and was given money and clothes on the representation that this assistance would enable him to get employment at the New Cross Theatre.

NOVEL HOUSEBREAKING.

Girl Suspected of a Remarkable Series of
Burglaries on Her Neighbours.

"The successful play now running in London, "Leah Kleschna," is written round a girl burglar, a young woman who breaks into houses at night and steals jewels.

A real case of this kind was gone into at Notting-ham yesterday, when a tall, good-looking, slightly-built girl, called Beatrice Mead, appeared in the dock on a charge of breaking into a house in Carlton-road, Sneyton, and stealing a quantity of jewellery therefrom.

She was offered bail, but her mother tearfully informed the Court that she had failed to find a surety, and the girl was remanded in custody.

The police are investigating similar cases. In the Sneyton district many houses are closed during the daytime. The wives work in lace factories, and usually the women lock the back door and leave the key on the window-ledge. Lately several of these temporarily empty houses have been broken into, and articles of wearing apparel stolen, and in each instance the girl, identified as the prisoner, has been seen either entering or leaving the house.

In one case the wife of a tenant was standing at her front door, talking to a neighbour, when she heard someone in the kitchen.

In the case in which the prisoner stands remanded, a neighbour saw her open the kitchen window, get through into the house, and leave by the front door, carrying a bundle.

WEALTH TO BOOT CLEANING.

Wife Once Allowed £20 a Week Puts Lock
and Key on Bread and Butter.

Of gentlemanly appearance, and living at St. George's-villas, South Streatham, James John Hudson, forty-six, appeared at the South-Western Police Court on a charge of attempting to murder his wife.

It was said that he broke into the house with an axe and threatened wife and daughter.

Further revelations revealed that Hudson was at one time in possession of an income of £2,000 a year, and used to allow his wife £20 a week.

Now he was dependent on his wife, and it was contended on his behalf that Mrs. Hudson locked the bread and butter in the larder.

Latterly his wife admitted that Hudson had been cleaning the boots and knives and sweeping the floors. It was also stated that husband and wife had been lovers for several years.

Mr. Garrett, after an unsuccessful attempt at reconciliation, bound Hudson over.

DEPRESSED UNDERTAKER.

Complains That Business Is Bad, and Hopes
the Holidays May Recoup Him.

That trade is bad just now with undertakers was demonstrated by a case which came before the Lambeth County Court Judge yesterday, when T. Rider, trading as T. M. Rider and Son, undertakers, Old Kent-road, was defendant in a judgment summons issued in respect to a debt of £5 15s. for wood supplied for coffins.

Rider pleaded that the trade was so bad that he could not make a living out of it.

Judge Emden: How can trade be bad? People die, and they must be buried.—There are too many in the business, and prices have been cut too fine.

Judge: In several cases which have come before me the amount paid by poor people for funeral expenses was enormous.—I expect to be able to pay after the holidays.

Judge: You expect business as a result of the holidays—that is not a very cheerful prospect for holiday-makers.—The case was adjourned.

The
OUT-OF-DOORS

'LONDON'
MAGAZINE

OUT ON
SATURDAY.

Enlarged.

Striking Sport
Photos in Colour.

BOWLERS' DAY IN MOST MATCHES.

Australians at Lord's—Surrey's New Bowler—Big Score by Sussex.

YORKSHIRE IN FORM.

By F. B. WILSON.
(Last Year's Cambridge Captain.)

Owing to the excessive rainfall in London during the early part of the week it was found impossible to commence the match at Lord's yesterday before four o'clock. At twelve o'clock it was anticipated that the game would not be started at all, but a bright sun and a big wind dried the wicket very quickly.

Jackson won the toss and sent in MacLaren and H. K. Foster, who were opposed by Laver and McLeod. Play opened very quietly, the wicket being slow, but not very easy. Without a run being scored MacLaren, in attempting to hook one from Laver, was clean bowled. The ball appeared to come very fast off the pitch, and beat the batsman in the pace.

In Laver's next over Foster had a bit of bad luck, as in driving a full pitch to leg he drove the ball on to his foot. From then onwards he went lame for some time. Laver pursued the tactics of pitching the ball up, and letting the batsmen have a go, but runs continued shy.

FOSTER NEARLY PLAYS ON.

At that fatal 13 there was nearly another accident to the M.C.C. Foster very nearly playing on from Laver, off one that came in a good deal. However, he did not profit much by this piece of good fortune, as in attempting to cow-shot McLeod, he was well caught at mid-on of a lofty ball, the scoring-board reading 20-2-11.

At 29 Spooner, whose score was 13, was brilliantly caught in the country by Hopkins, who had to run backwards and sideways. Up to the time of his dismissal he played beautifully, timing the ball exceptionally well. Jackson followed, and was nearly bowled before he scored, a yorker from McLeod getting under his bat, and only missing the stumps by a fraction of an inch.

At 40 Jackson was very nearly caught at short slip off Laver's slow one that jumped up very quickly, but the ball just fell short of Armstrong.

SURREY'S NEW BOWLER.

Fry made 27, not a bad score considering the state of the wicket; and Jackson, once he had got his eye on the ball, played in capital style. Still, there was never any hope of a really fat score being run up. Trumper was on the ground, but is not yet well enough to play.

Surrey have unearthed another bowler, named Meads, and although he came to light on a day when wickets were fairly cheap he favourably impressed the onlookers at the Oval. He and Lees dismissed Gloucester for 122. Meads is a medium-pace, right-hand trundler.

The play in the match between Surrey and Gloucester yesterday was very keen, and at the end of the day there was little to choose between the teams.

Rhodes and Haigh put up a big performance for Yorkshire yesterday, and dismissed the Cantabs for 39. Yorkshire should gain a very easy victory to-day.

Sussex, although without Fry, did well against Northampton. Killick just failed to get 100, and Relf, Vine, and Cox all fevied toll on the bowling of Northampton. Thompson, playing for the M.C.C., was badly missed in this department. Notts did moderately against the Dark Blues, and, like most of the other grounds, the Oxford wicket favoured the bowlers, who during the day secured a cheap crop of wickets.

F. B. WILSON.

(Other cricket news and scores appear on page 14.)

GOLF CHAMPIONSHIP SCORES.

There was no lack of interesting golf at St. Andrews yesterday, when the second round of the open championship was decided.

The following are some of the leading scores:—

Name and Club.	1st	2nd	rd.	4th	Total.
Rowland Jones (Wimbledon Park)	81	77	—	—	158
James Brind (Walton Heath)	81	78	—	—	159
A. Massey (North Berwick)	81	80	—	—	161
James Kinnell (Pusley Downs)	82	79	—	—	161
A. Herd (Huddersfield)	82	82	—	—	164
E. Thomson (Romford)	81	81	—	—	162
Harry Vardon (South Herts)	80	82	—	—	162
Walter Togoood (Hilkey)	80	83	—	—	163
J. H. Taylor (Mid Surrey)	80	85	—	—	165
J. Sherlock (Oxford)	81	84	—	—	165
Tom Williamson (Nottingham)	84	81	—	—	165
Willie Park (Huntermclee)	84	81	—	—	165

LAST NIGHT'S NEWS ITEMS.

Asked by Dr. Macnamara, M.P., whether two shillings a day was sufficient allowance for Engelbrecht, the last Boer prisoner in Ceylon, Mr. Lytton says it is not designed to keep an able-bodied man in idleness. If Engelbrecht will take the oath of allegiance he can have a passage to South Africa.

To-day is the anniversary of the death of Charles Dickens, which took place in 1870.

One of two sturgeon caught by Bowness-on-Solway fishermen in the estuary weighed twenty-five stone.

James Howard Payne, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," was born in New York on this day in 1792. He died at Tunis in 1852.

Fines and costs to the amount of £135 were inflicted upon twenty-six bookmakers at Stockton-on-Tees yesterday for street betting on Derby Day.

Alexander Farmer, aged eighty-six, who took part in the famous charge at Balaklava, has just died after an operation in the hospital at Harlepool.

Considerable alarm was caused by a warehouse fire in a congested district of Newcastle yesterday, and there was great difficulty in rescuing a number of horses.

Much improved in health by his European tour, the Hon. John Hay, Secretary of State for the United States of America, left Queenstown yesterday for New York.

In accordance with an ancient custom, revived some years ago, a lamprey pie on a gold dish of the Empire period has just been sent by the Mayor of Gloucester to King Edward at Buckingham Palace. The royal pie was of oval shape, its delicately-browned sides being beautifully ornamented with the rose, the shamrock, and the thistle.

"I've never made a bet in my life," said a witness in a Cardiff court; adding, "I'm no scholar."

Over twenty-five tons of meat and twenty-eight tons of fish were condemned in twelve months in Leicester as unfit for human food.

The wife of a baker at Hexham, Northumberland, has just presented her husband with triplets, two girls and a boy. All are doing well.

An American typewriting machine is being made for the use of King Edward. It is an elaborate specimen, with a mahogany frame and ivory keys.

No fewer than six persons are at present suffering from injuries inflicted by a cow which broke loose in the streets of Rochdale, creating extraordinary scenes.

H.M. battleship Swiftsure arrived at Sheerness yesterday, and was ordered to Chatham to repair the damage she sustained in the recent collision in the Channel.

With the intention of breaking the record held by Mr. Allen, the vegetarian pedestrian, a young Leicester athlete named Pearce will start to-morrow on a walk to London.

YORKSHIRE'S DEADLY BOWLERS.



Rhodes (on the right) and Haigh (left), the two bowlers who succeeded in dismissing the Cambridge University team for 39 runs, the smallest score for an innings this season, at Cambridge yesterday. Rhodes took six wickets for 16 runs, and Haigh took three for 21.



In addition to the case of necrosis (decay of the bone substance) reported in March, two other cases have occurred recently at the same match factory, says the Home Secretary in reply to Sir Charles Dilke.

Sir Edward Sassoon, M.P., yesterday headed a deputation from the Telegraphs Committee of the House of Commons to the Chancellor of the Exchequer to urge the reduction of cable rates to India, China, and West Africa.

Sir William Crookes and Sir James Dewar, in asking the Metropolitan Water Board to increase their half-yearly grant from £900 to £1,400, state that they are taking 15,000 annual analyses of London water, as against 2,750 nine years ago.

Near Newcastle yesterday the decapitated body of a youth aged about fifteen was discovered on the railway line. In one of his pockets a pencilled note was found giving instructions that his body should be taken to a certain address in a neighbouring mining village.

On the initiative of Captain Edward Stubbs, R.N., of 9, Oriel-chambers, Liverpool, a relief fund has been opened to provide the Pitcairn Islanders with a new boat. Since the loss of their cutter some twelve months ago, these descendants of the historical Bounty have been unable to communicate with the outside world.

Reports of the grouse-breeding season from the moors of South Yorkshire and North Derbyshire are exceptionally favourable. Keepers state that "nests," as a rule, are large, and that there is no disease.

Leaning somewhat heavily upon his walking-stick, a bridegroom aged over seventy years was married at the Haslingden (Lancs) registrar's office to a woman considerably his junior. The couple and their witnesses wore gay bouquets.

A correspondent of the "Morning Post" points out that, if the Japanese really mean to erect a lighthouse which will commemorate Togo's great victory by illuminating the whole area of the battle (eighty miles), it will have to be 5,000 ft. high!

For nearly fifty years the Rev. James Clarke, whose death has just taken place, was minister of the Bible Christian Church, Salford. Himself a vegetarian, all the members of his congregation were pledged to abstain from fish, flesh, and fowl as food.

Engineers of the London, Brighton, and South-Coast Railway have accomplished a clever feat at Arundel. By hydraulic power they raised the bridge at the foot of Causeway Hill 16 in. without any interference with traffic on the main road, which crosses the railway at this point.

CITY CHEERFUL ON PEACE PROSPECTS.

Economic Bank Scandal Must Be Investigated by the Court.

NORWEGIAN APATHY.

CAPEL COURT, Thursday Evening.—It was quite an interesting day on the Stock Exchange to-day. The markets opened under the influence of peace rumours, and they stuck to their point all day. And so, in spite of the approach of the Whitsuntide holidays, there was a fair degree of activity, and not a little strength.

The Bank return was a very strong one, showing £491,000 up in the reserve, and indicating big Government disbursements and a decrease of market indebtedness. Money is as cheap as ever, and, although Mr. Edgar Speyer assured the banking world yesterday that capital is not accumulating, or, rather, is being wasted on unproductive expenditure, the gilt-edged market was decidedly comfortable, and Consols touched 91, closing at 90 15-16. The Westralian loan has evidently gone none too well. The lists were kept open until the bitter end.

To-morrow is the meeting of the Economic Bank. It need hardly be said that this serious City scandal requires investigation by the court, and that compulsory liquidation is, therefore, necessary. It is the shareholders' meeting to-morrow, and if at that meeting compulsory liquidation is not agreed upon, we shall be glad to receive the names of any depositors who may be in favour of joining a strong party which will ensure the full facts being brought to the light of day. It will involve but very slight expense if the movement is adequately supported.

NEW YORK CONFIDENT.

In the American market the influences at work were very similar to those elsewhere; and New York seemed in confident mood, and for one thing was talking about a good crop report on Saturday. Consequently the market was distinctly firm all round.

Japanese bonds were good. The new scrip, for instance, was rushed up to 2½ premium at the close. Some said it even touched 3 premium. The Continent wanted all the Russian bonds they could find, and put them up ¼ to 89. The London Bourses regard peace. All the international Bourse favourites, things like Spanish bonds and Rio Tintos, were put up, and Peruvian Corporation issues, of course, had their own special influence in the talk of arrangements with the Government being likely to be arrived at.

The Central American gamble, however, did not seem quite so pronounced. Norwegian and Swedish issues are quite unaffected by the pacific revolution.

RHODESIAN GOLD DISCOVERY.

The market was much amused by an outside broker's circular attacking Aerated Bread shares. It is difficult to discover what the circular was all about. It was really an invitation to sell them and buy them back cheaper later. Of course, if people acted on the advice the writer would no doubt make a profit out of his "bear," if he has sold one. Just in case any sellers might come along, the dealers put the price of A.B.C. shares down to 6½.

An interesting item in these people is the Rhodesian market came along in the shape of a Chartered circular. It was brief and to the point. It merely said "The British South Africa Company has received news of a discovery stated to be banked giving satisfactory panning, nine miles from Bulawayo, and is awaiting a report from its engineer." Rhodesians were all firm. Kaffirs were a distinctly better market, and with rising prices and interested support the sanguine market gamblers made much of the reduction in the speculative account open.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

CITY AND WESTMINSTER EXCHANGE (A.M.): Advice not dealing with these people. £250,000 (G.F.). Outside our province.—MINE (E.L.): See answer to G.F.—TWO QUESTIONS (J.A.M.): The market thinks A.B.C. shares low enough. It is not deal with either the City Exchange or Cunliffe, Russell, and Co.—BONDS (RUBY): We send you the name of a broker who will deal for you in these bonds. He would do nothing keep you advised as to drawings.—SEVERAL QUESTIONS (Rock Park): Randfontein capital is too large. They are probably not worth the price. The market thinks North Randfontein low enough. Hendersons are a gambling court. The market thinks Bonnis cheap, this you must take for your own account. Deal with either medium. Rhodesia Gold Storage Preference 3s. 6d. quite nominal. Doubtful prospects.—OUTSIDE BROKERS (Blackpool): Ignore the three bucket-shop circulars. Personally, we should not deal with the other firm named.

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Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, JUNE 9 1905.

THE SUBMARINE DISASTER.

ANOTHER British submarine disaster! The general feeling at first is likely to be one of despair—a feeling that we ought to sacrifice no more lives in the attempt to rule the depths of the sea as we already rule the surface of the waves. This is the third of these fragile craft which has met with sudden disaster. Is it any good, the public voice is certain to ask, going on at such a cost?

For our part, while we have the deepest sympathy with those who mourn the brave men gone, we cannot see any reason for being discouraged. No conquest of natural obstacles has ever been achieved without years and years of struggle, or without the loss of many lives. It may be that Nature will finally resist our endeavour to travel under water as she has so far resisted our efforts to journey through the air. But we have no need to give up either attempt yet awhile.

There is, however, every need for the best brains among Naval Constructors to set to work to discover some method of propelling submarines safer than the use of petrol. In such a small space, with so little air, petrol is bound to be highly dangerous. Whether alcohol would be better is a matter for experiment.

However dangerous submarines may be, the Navy will easily find men to man them; but it would be cruel and wicked to let the risk they run be any greater than we can possibly help.

CLIMATE AND CHARACTER.

At all events King Alfonso will not go away to-morrow thinking that the sun never shines in this country. Yesterday that greatest of all quick-change artists, the Weather, made a sudden right-about-turn, and made our royal guest's journey to Aldershot as warm and pleasant as his previous peregrinations had been dreary and damp.

Will it occur to him that there is any correspondence between the English climate and the English character? There is such a correspondence, of course. Nothing has a greater effect than weather upon national minds and manners. The King must have had this impressed upon him at home. Spain is a land of hot, white sunshine, pretty well all the year round. The Spanish are in consequence an easy-going, never-do-to-day-what-you-can-put-off-till-to-morrow people. Nature has been kind to them. They do not worry.

In countries like India where there is a regular spell of dry weather and a regular season of rains, the natives are fatalists. "What will be, will be," is their creed. They know nothing of blind chance. All is fore-ordained. Nothing can be altered by any act of man.

Districts which are subject to sudden upheavals of nature—earthquakes, tidal waves, violent storms—will always be found inhabited by superstitious races. They can only account for these tremendous disasters by putting them down to supernatural agency. Mountainous countries produce romantic, imaginative peoples. A flat land like Holland brings forth a matter-of-fact nation, with scarce a poet amongst them. There is nothing to set their imaginations to work.

The changeable, inclement English climate makes English people the hardest in the world. It also makes us optimists, since we are so constantly looking forward to "a change for the better." It is largely responsible also for our habit of muddling through, instead of preparing carefully beforehand. We find it useless to lay plans far in advance, where weather is concerned, and we carry the principle of "leaving it to luck" into nearly everything we do.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

In all disputes, so much as there is of passion so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then Reason, like a bad hound, starts upon a false scent and forsakes the question first started.—*Sir Thomas Browne* (1605-1682).

THIS MORNING'S GOSSIP.

KING EDWARD has taken the greatest interest in the organisation of to-night's state ball, given in honour of the King of Spain at Buckingham Palace. His Majesty has chosen the names of all those invited from lists submitted to him for revision, and those who attend to-night will have the satisfaction of feeling that they have been "approved" after several official examinations. Apart from the beauty of the general spectacle, however, a state ball is apt to be rather a lifeless function. At a certain fixed moment the Lord Steward announces supper, and everybody files in to eat it, and in everything, from arrival to departure, you are told exactly what to do and precisely how to do it.

The announcement of the engagement of Lord Hyde, the eldest son of the Earl of Clarendon, to Miss Somers Cocks, a sister of Lord Somers, has interested match-making mothers in society, for Lord Hyde has been for several years one of the most eligible bachelors in England. Through his father's long connection with the Court as Lord Chamberlain, he knows almost everybody of importance in London, but, in spite of this social success, and of his good looks, in spite also of his reputation as a well-dressed man and a capital shot, "Bertie," as his friends call Lord Hyde, is a thoroughly amiable and unspoilt person.

He had a very unfortunate illness as a boy at Eton, which has prevented him from enjoying his

compared with French morals, reminds me of a little trick which this strange singer is said to have played long ago upon a party of English people after a dinner to which she had been invited. She was asked to sing, and it was suggested that she might, if she chose, give something "shocking." Immediately Yvette rose up, stretched out her arms, and chaunted with an air of horrible intensity an innocent fable by La Fontaine. Nobody understood a word, but the hostess pretended to be delightfully shocked, and everybody declared that it was the most wicked song ever heard of!

Mr. G. B. Burgin, the well-known novelist, who is just about to start for Canada, was given an enthusiastic "send-off" by his fellow-members of the New Vagabond Club at the dinner given in honour of Mr. and Mrs. Temple Thurston. Mr. Burgin, as readers of his books well know, has found his most genuine inspiration in Canada. When he was last there he spent some time in a Trappist monastery, and the visit gave him the first suggestion for his story, "The Shutters of Silence." As he watched the monks filing into the night service he was astonished to see, amongst those gloomy or visionary faces, the young, untroubled face of a boy.

He was told that the child had entered the monastery as a founding some years before, and that he might, in due time, take the irrevocable vows. Mr. Burgin, in a flash, conceived the story wherein he represents the boy as being taken out of the monastery and plunged suddenly into the

THROUGH THE "MIRROR."

"DURING TEMPORARY INSANITY."
In your leading article headed "A Coward's Act" you say that to commit suicide from drink is "rank cowardice."
I am quite in agreement with you that suicide in general is cowardly, but surely the dipsomaniac who takes his own life must be included in a separate class? He is as irresponsible for his actions as if he were a raving madman, and his suicide is but a manifestation of his disease.
MEDICUS.

"THE VIOLIN FOR ALL."
Referring to your excellent article, "The Viola for All," I should like to say that one of the most encouraging features of board school children learning the violin is their resultant proficiency in cricket.
This sounds enigmatical, but it is a fact that the Watford boys have discovered that the flat sides of their fiddle-cases make excellent bats, and they use them as such.
WATFORD KATEPAYER.

MOTHER OR WIFE FIRST?
A poor woman came to me in great trouble yesterday. Her husband had told her that his mother came before his wife. I rather fancy this is a general view among the masses.
It is, of course, contrary to what the Bible tells us about a man leaving father and mother and cleaving to his wife. Yet mothers certainly have a very strong claim upon the first places in their sons' hearts.
SQUIRE'S WIFE.

BEGGING CHILDREN.
Yesterday the streets of London were besieged by the boys of Dr. Barnardo's homes armed with collecting-boxes. The charity is a most excellent one, and worthy of every support, but I wish to protest against children being officially permitted to beg in the streets.
That the boys must know they are dependent on charity is inevitable, but it is nothing less than scandalous that they should be made to beg in this way. The effect on them cannot help but be degrading.
St. John's Wood.
S. M. BEVERLEY.

MOTOR-CAR "HOGS."
It takes a gentleman to drive a motor-car—a person who feels consideration towards his fellow-man and expresses it.
The professional motor-car drivers are recruited from the more hardened classes—I will not say brutalised, but from people who have no nerves or appreciation of nerves in others.
Motor-car drivers should be persons of nervous temperament, of the semi-intellectual class, men who have been taught to use their brains rather than their hands.
But they should have breeding, and not be of hooligan descent.
GENTLEMAN.

A MAN OF THE MOMENT.

Sir William White.
By a strange coincidence, he is lecturing at the Royal Institution this evening on submarine navigation. Following yesterday's terrible accident, what he has to say is awaited with the deepest interest.
And what he does not know about the subject is hardly worth knowing. For sixteen years he was director of naval construction and, on behalf of the nation, designed 250 warships, and spent about a hundred million pounds.
He only retired three and a half years ago, and at that time there was hardly a useful ship in the Navy which he had not designed.

Except for an interval, during which he created the great Elswick shipbuilding yard, his whole life was spent at the Admiralty. He stayed and worked there till his health broke down, and at pecuniary loss to himself, for the Admiralty does not pay what other people do for their work. But he is patriot enough to have overlooked that.

Modest and retiring, the public knew little of him, though they knew his work. His position as a Civil Servant was also against his views being known to the man in the street, for as such he could grant no interviews and take no part in public discussions. Now he has retired, however, he is free to have his say.

He will be able to speak feelingly of the dangers of the submarine, since he has experienced them. He went down on one of the first ever constructed, and almost lost his life. The boat stuck in the mud, and it was touch and go whether they came up again. They did, but only just in time.

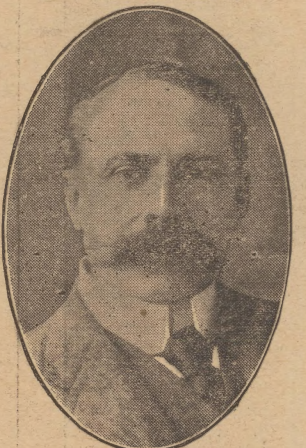
IN MY GARDEN.

JUNE 8.—The common, yet pretty, valerian now blooms in wild spots. There are pink and white varieties, both flowering profusely for months. Valerian will grow anywhere, being quite at home springing from a gravel path, delighting in an old wall.

Scarlet geraniums and Oriental poppies give the garden wonderful touches of colour. The latter are difficult plants to support, but, if several stakes are used, they can be kept in an upright position.

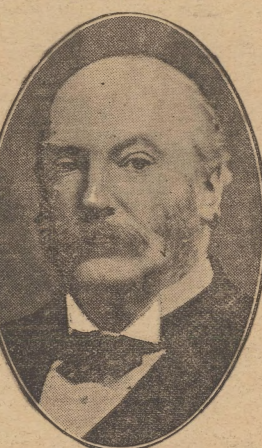
Roses, up to now, are disappointing. The nipping winds and severe night frosts that came last month so affected buds and foliage that the June display has greatly suffered.
E. F. T.

SIR EDWARD ELGAR,



Who leaves England to-day on a trip to the United States. American admirers of the famous composer intend to give him a hearty welcome.
(Haines.)

LORD RAYLEIGH,



The distinguished scientist, who has just been awarded the Albert Medal for the present year by the council of the Society of Arts.—
(Elliott and Fry.)

good fortune as he might have done without it. He was overcome by a kind of fever; his parents were sent for; he was believed to be dying. One paper actually reported his death. He recovered, however, in spite of the Press, but the fever left its mark in a lameness of one leg, the muscles being in some way paralysed, and Lord Hyde has ever since been unable to indulge in his beloved pastime of riding.

Professor Sylvanus Thompson's remarks upon the need for a "restatement of Christian truth," made at the Victoria Institute, have excited a great deal of attention. All that this famous Professor of Physics says is listened to by a public which seems to turn more and more to men of science for an explanation of the riddle of the universe. Professor Thompson is a long-suffering person, constantly besieged by cranks and curious people who want him to read the riddle for them. Not long ago a man called upon him, saying that he had a great, a world-shattering invention to reveal to him.

After being pressed with questions for an hour this gentleman confessed that Professor Graham Bell had established telephonic communication with his brain in such a way that he could no longer use it. That was his "invention." He was gently removed to an asylum. Typical of the letters which the Professor gets by almost every post was the one from a man who had read one of his books describing a certain machine. "My name," the man informed him, "is the same as the inventor of the machine. Will you therefore please send me as soon as possible a detailed biography of the man, with details about his ancestors?" The questioner thought that Professor Thompson had nothing to do but satisfy idle curiosity.

Mme. Yvette Guilbert's amusingly "sarcastic criticism in the "Evening News" of English as

sophisticated world of London. In real life Mr. Burgin is a humorist and a wit. His humour showed itself when the estimable "Herald's Annual" announced last year that he had died prematurely, probably confusing him with Mr. George Gissing. He wrote to the papers to point out that the report was "slightly exaggerated," and to say that his "widow" had handed to his "corpse" across the breakfast-table all the letters of condolence which she had received.

Sir Edward Elgar, who is to leave London to-day for a short visit to the United States, will probably fall an easy prey to the fierce interviewers out there, for he is the most amiable of men, and does not like to refuse anybody anything. His tendency towards self-effacement was shown early in his career when he was only first violin in an orchestra at Birmingham. The conductor offered to perform one of his pieces, and asked him if he would like to conduct it. "Certainly not," said Sir Elgar, "I am a member of the orchestra, and in the orchestra I stay." When the applause followed the piece accordingly, the first violin was seen to detach himself from the other players to acknowledge it.

A few years later young Elgar was told that the directors of the old Promenade Concerts at Covent Garden would perform some of his pieces. Perfectly delighted, the composer arrived to conduct the rehearsal. Unfortunately, a "few songs" had to be run through before his turn came, and when these were finished Sir Arthur Sullivan came in unexpectedly and wanted one of his pieces rehearsed. The result was that poor Elgar's work was crowded out. Years afterwards he met Sir Arthur Sullivan, and laughingly told him of the incident. "My dear fellow," said Sir Arthur, overcome with repentance, "why on earth didn't you come and tell me? I'd have rehearsed it myself for you."



NEWS BY CAMERAS



KING ALFONSO AS A BRITISH GENERAL.

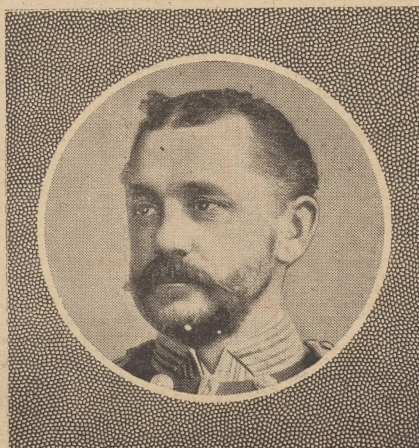


This admirable photograph of our royal guest, King Alfonso of Spain, with the Prince of Wales, has just been taken at Buckingham Palace. It was the first occasion on which King Alfonso wore his new uniform as a British general, to which high rank he was appointed a few days ago.—(Russell.)

NAVAL AND MILITARY COMMANDERS AT ALDERSHOT YESTERDAY.



General Sir John French, who was in command of the troops reviewed by King Alfonso at Aldershot yesterday. Altogether the force under his control amounted to 25,000 men.—(Gale and Polden.)



Rear-Admiral Percy Scott, the well-known gunnery expert of the British Navy, who commanded the naval brigade which took part in the Aldershot review yesterday.—(Russell.)

LORD GOSCHEN AT READING YESTERDAY.



The foundation-stone of the new University College, was laid yesterday by Viscount Goschen. During the proceedings it was announced that Mr. G. W. Palmer, of the great making firm, had given a sum of £50,000 to the college as a memorial to his father, Mr. George Palmer.

FLOODED PORTSMOUTH.



As a result of the continuous rain, a part of Portsmouth was laid to rest yesterday under water. What some of the streets looked like is understood from our photograph, which was taken just after the rain had ceased.

LEICESTER MEN'S MARCH.

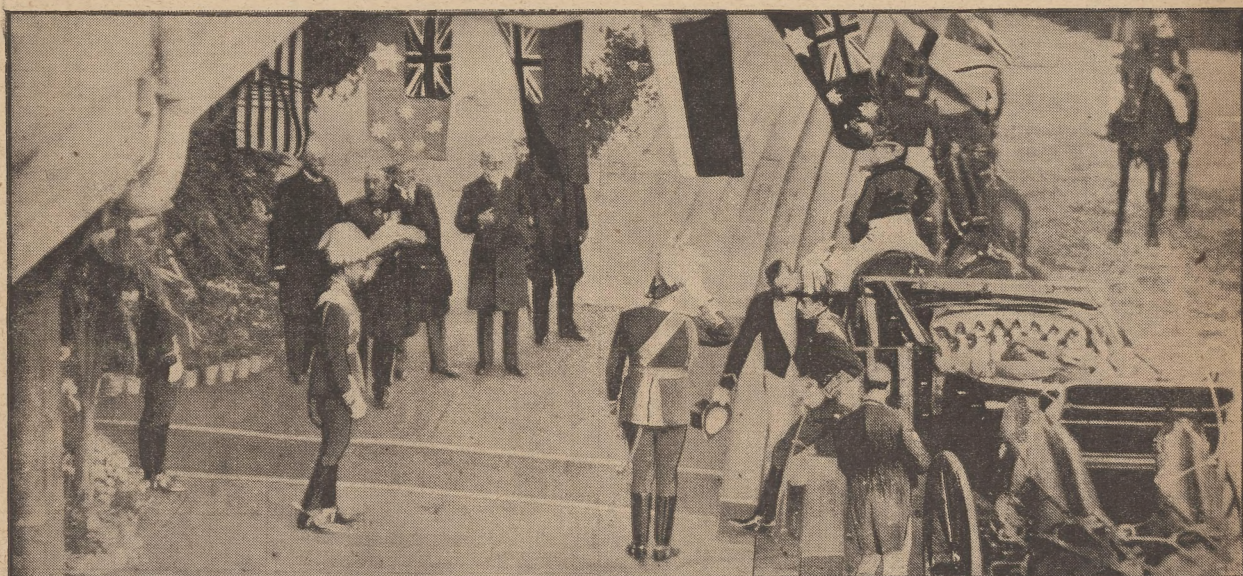


The 500 unemployed men of Leicester, who are marching to London by way of protest against their unhappy condition, continued their journey yesterday. The head of the procession is seen in our photograph.

PICTURES OF EVENTS



AT WATERLOO YESTERDAY—KING ALFONSO'S ARRIVAL AT THE STATION.



The young King of Spain, after a morning spent in paying visits to the Tower of London and St. Paul's Cathedral, arrived at Waterloo Station at 2.20 to journey down to Aldershot for the great review. Our photographer managed to snapshot him as he was stepping out of his carriage. As may be seen, he was in his British general's uniform.

KING AND QUEEN AT WATERLOO.



A snapshot of the King and Queen Alexandra taken on their Majesties' arrival at Waterloo Station yesterday afternoon en route for Aldershot, to witness the review held in honour of King Alfonso.

ROYAL WEDDING CELEBRATIONS IN BERLIN.



Berlin has been keeping continual festival in honour of the wedding of the German Crown Prince to Duchess Cecille of Mecklenburg. Our photograph shows the scene in the Pariserplatz when the municipal authorities presented a congratulatory address to the bride.

GLOOMY NORSEMEN AND SUNNY SWEDES.

Princess Margaret's Wedding the
Only Thing That Can Hold
Them Together.

BOTH ADMIRE ENGLAND.

If there is one thing which will hold Norway and Sweden together it is the marriage of Prince Gustavus Adolphus and Princess Margaret of Connaught. Both countries have a sincere admiration and affection for England, as was shown by the enthusiasm with which they welcomed the engagement.

Norway's desire for an English Queen may be stronger than the sense of injury under which her people are smarting.

This mutual affection for England and for King Oscar are almost all that the two peoples have in common.

And the two countries are dissimilar, too. Divided by a ridge of rugged mountains, Norway, on the north, is magnificently rugged, grand and awe-inspiring; Sweden, on the south, is fair and smiling, rich and fertile. There is the same difference that one finds between, say, Kent and the Scottish Highlands, though the wild grandeur of the Highlands cannot compare with that of the land of the Norseman.

And the two peoples are the products of their countries.

The Swede is the Frenchman of the north. He is as smiling as his land. Gay, laughter-loving, light-hearted, there is not a passing amusement at which he does not grasp. Song and dance, pretty clothes, and bright colours are the outward signs of his nature.

THE PREDOMINANT PARTNER.

Things go well with him in every way. He knows that he outnumbers the Norseman by more than two to one, that his country is the larger, that his trade is double that of the sister kingdom, and in his cheerful way he has looked upon himself as the predominant partner, quite overlooking the intense and far-reaching character of the Norwegian, chafing under the slight.

For the Norwegians are as "dour" as their country. They have had to win their existence with hardship from a hard country, and it has made them a people glorying in their strength and independence.

Along the 2,000-mile rock-bound coast of Norway the hardy countrymen and fishmen are living a life of strife against the natural elements, which has made them magnificent of frame, indifferent to toil, pain, and exposure. The grandeur of the scenery has made them thinkers, men who speculate deeply into problems and mysteries. Such men as Ibsen and Bjornson are typical products of Norse life and thought.

And in place of the Swedish love of amusement is deep superstition, fostered by wild scenes and

solemn wastes. No fisherman on his way to his calling but will turn back should he meet a cat, for the cat is the devil's messenger. Should a woman speak to him, or a stranger, he is stopped almost as surely as by the cat. But, and here is a typical feature of his character, he turns back home, only to start his journey over again. Though superstitious, he is tenacious and persevering.

Besides the difference in character, in laws, in government, the two peoples differ in the innumerable little things of life.

Princess Margaret as a Swedish bride will wear her wedding ring upon her left hand. If her husband had been Norse instead of Swedish she would have worn it upon the right.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

In Sweden, as with us, the rule of the road is "Keep to the left" for all carts and carriages. Cross over into Norway and the rule is reversed—the driver must keep to the right-hand side of the road.

In Sweden meals are served as they are in Russia. The meal is begun standing, the people walking at side-tables. Then they take their places at the table, and the meal proceeds as in other countries.

In Norway the table is spread and courses are served as they are in England, except that sardines, anchovies, and cold sausages are left upon the table during the whole meal and eaten at odd moments. But the thing which shows the different natures of the two peoples most clearly is the present political position. Sweden has no desire for change. She has no feeling against Norway, and the Swedes are never heard to say an unkind word of their neighbours. The Norwegians, however, have brooded and longed for a state of excitement and working for a separate existence over comparatively small matters.

They take everything too seriously. The Swedes have the reverse fault.

ECHOES AND ANECDOTES.

The fashions of to-day are quiet as far as waist-coats are concerned, compared with what they have been during recent years. But prominent checks seem to be becoming more and more into fashion. The patterns of suitings are getting louder and louder. —Tailor and Cutter.

SAY NOTHING!

It was a Wednesday, and a Conservative Minister spoke for an hour. I mildly suggested to him that I did not think that he threw any new light on the debate. "I do not suppose that I did," he replied. "What happened was this. I was sitting next to Dizzy. He suddenly said to me, 'Mr. —, I shall be obliged to you to get up and make a speech on our side.' 'How long do you wish me to speak?' I asked. 'An hour,' he replied. 'And what would you wish me to say?' 'Nothing,' he answered. Under these circumstances I take your observations as a compliment." —Mr. Labouchere, M.P., in "Truth," on the advisability of limiting the length of speeches in Parliament.

A doctor in the country received a badly-scrawled note asking him to call upon a man who was suffering from "mumps." The ailment turned out, however, to be of a different nature. "I want to know why you wrote 'mumps'?" asked the doctor. "Why, sir," was the reply, "these warts now'dy I 't house as knowed how to spell rheumatiz."

Dolores started; she had not observed the two men.

"It is late—and I'm very tired," she said. "I've something to give you," he cried. "It's never too late to receive, you know."

She followed him into his study then and sat down on the sofa and closed her eyes wearily. Perhaps this would be the last scene in her life with Vogel. She earnestly prayed that it might be so.

"Well, dear lady," Vogel smiled, unlocking a drawer of his escritoire and lovingly fingering a roll of bank-notes. "Well, dear lady, you played your part beautifully to-day—I'm very grateful to you. Indeed, I'm not sure that I don't owe you an apology for ever having doubted you—but all's well that ends well." The crisp notes whispered alluringly as Vogel counted them over to himself. "And I'm sure you can't regret your husband's little visit to England. The change has done him any amount of good—as I said before, he's a different man."

Dolores was silent; she opened her eyes and looked first at Hilary and then at Vogel. The former was walking nervously up and down the room, his face very pale, his hands clasped behind his back, the fingers working convulsively; every moment his eyes glanced anxiously in Vogel's direction, tried to see how much money he held beneath his fat hands.

Vogel was evidently enjoying himself; the music of money had stirred him and banished his desire for sleep. The touch of the bank-notes gave him an exquisite pleasure—and it seemed such a pity to part with them. It would be a positive pain to let even one leave his possession.

"You haven't seen as much money as this for years, have you, Hilary?" he said.

"No, no—not since—since I filled Dugger Bank and Miles with my whole fortune," Hilary replied quickly, his face growing suddenly crimson. He stopped in his walk and stood beside his wife, close beside her, as if to gain strength and courage from her presence.

(Continued on page 11.)

THAT ALL-GONE FEELING,

WORSE THAN PAIN,
THAT COMES FROM
INDIGESTION,

GIVES WAY BEFORE MOTHER SEIGEL'S SYRUP.

Mr. George Gittins, of 27 Ondine Road, East Dulwich, S.E., writing on April 13th 1905, said:—"For many years I suffered from indigestion, was always in pain—more or less, and food, even simple food, aggravated my suffering. The pain was chiefly in the stomach, but often in the back, between my shoulders. I lost my appetite, and at times the mere smell of food made me feel sick. Then there was a *wretched sinking, all-gone feeling, which was worse than actual pain.* It seemed to take all life and energy out of me. I lost flesh and became very weak. I took many medicines and had doctors, but without lasting benefit. Finally I took Mother Seigel's Syrup and when I had used one bottle I felt much better. I persevered with the Syrup and soon regained appetite and strength and in a few weeks was quite well."

* * * The remedy that Mr. Gittins used is low-priced, sure and speedy in action. You can get it at any chemist's shop. Don't take "some thing like" as good" if offered to you.

Price 1/1½ and 2/6 per Bottle.

TENNENT'S

TRADE MARK



LAGER BEER.

GUARANTEED BRIGHT AND FREE FROM SEDIMENT.

To be obtained of all Grocers and Wine Merchants.

Matured in Cold Storage for months before being bottled.

See that every bottle has the Red T Label.

Liverpool Stores: 19, Laurence's Alley, Lower East Smithfield.

WELL PARK BREWERY, GLASGOW.

Eiffel Tower BUN FLOUR

You can make 15 Large, Light, Delicious, and Wholesome Buns from a 1d. packet of Eiffel Tower Bun Flour at a cost of 2d. With its use a Child can make with certain success delightful Lemon, Vanilla, or Almond Buns. ASK YOUR GROCER for

EIFFEL TOWER BUN FLOUR

And if unable to obtain same, write direct to S. FOSTER CLARK & CO., Eiffel Tower Factory, MAIDSTONE.

BLOUSES, UNDERSKIRTS, and UNMADE ROBES,

At Manufacturers' Prices,
Saving Intermediate Profits.

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For their BEAUTIFULLY ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE of the LATEST DESIGNS

SAVE 25% THE ALBION HOUSE CLOTHING CO., LONDON.

83 to 88, ALDGATE, and 157, MINORIES, CITY.
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88, WESTERN ROAD, BRIGHTON.

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TAILOR-MADE
GENT'S SUITS

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in the LATEST STYLES
and PATTERNS of this
SEASON at the Excep-
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PERFECT FIT GUARANTEED.

YOUTHS' AND BOYS' CLOTHING

CHEAPER AND BETTER

than anywhere else.

We Give FREE OF CHARGE

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AN EXTRA PAIR OF KNICKERS.

YOUR MONEY RETURNED OR GOODS
EXCHANGED IF NOT APPROVED OF.

FOR PATTERNS, ADDRESS

Department 2, ALDGATE, CITY.

Nervous Exhaustion.

Low Spirits	Depression
Headache	Melancholy
Neuralgic Pains	Lack of Confidence
Loss of Energy	Nervous Exhaustion
Irritability	Twitching of the
Nervous Dyspepsia	Eyelids
Brain-Fag	Noises in the Head
Insomnia	General Languor.

Whenever your Nervous System is Weak and "below par," and you suffer as a consequence any of the above Symptoms, do not hesitate in getting a bottle of

Guy's Tonic.

Its cost is 1/1½—its splendid effect is worth more than all the money in the world to the person whose Nerves have lost their Vigour.

Mrs. Young, of Thrustons Barton, Crofts End, road, St. George, Bristol, writes:—

"Your Guy's Tonic is grand. I feel a different person altogether since taking it. I wish I had tried it before, it would have saved me many pounds. You may make any use of this note, for what I say is quite true."

Guy's Tonic is sold at 1/1½ per bottle by Chemists and Stores everywhere.

MOTORS AND CYCLES.

CHAMPION Cycles direct from works; with Eadie coaters, inverted lever brakes, Clincher tyres, plated rims; from £3 15s. 6d.; wholesale lists from—Champion Cycle Co., Bradford.

HUMBER Cycle, fair condition, £3 10s., or offers.—Drewry Sons, Herts Hill.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

By ARTHUR APPLIN.

CHARACTERS IN THE STORY.

LYNDAL MAYBRICK: A charming young girl, a splendid horsewoman, and brought up at the training stables of Joe Marvis.

JOE MARVIS: A trainer of racehorses at Epsom.

SIR TATTON TOWNLEY: A middle-aged racing baronet, whose horse, King Daffodil, was expected to win the Derby.

B. S. VOGEL: A money king and an unscrupulous owner, whose horse, The Devil, won the great race.

DOLORES ST. MERTON: A fascinating grass widow in the power of Vogel. (She is really a Mrs. Hilary.)

ARTHUR MERKLE: A gentleman jockey, who rode King Daffodil in the Derby.

BILLY: A one-eyed stableman devoted to Marvis.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Vogel seldom indulged in anything to excess, except, of course, money. Sometimes he ate more than was good for him, but he seldom drank more than he could carry. But for once in his life he had drunk too well and not too wisely of the wine that sparkles—the vin de joie.

And excess of wine put Mr. B. S. Vogel into a good temper, into a dull, sleepy, and foolishly benevolent state of mind. Perhaps herein lay the real reason of his absence.

"You're a confounded nuisance," Vogel gurgled to Hilary as they walked towards his den; "but I may as well pay you and get rid of you; I've got a lot of cash I brought up from the races. 'Spose you'd prefer that to a cheque? By the way, though, how am I going to get rid of you?"

"Hush!" Hilary gripped his arm and pointed to the staircase. Dolores was coming slowly down, evidently searching for something she had lost.

"Good idea; kill two birds with one stone," Vogel hiccuped. "Miss St. Merton—can you spare me a minute before you retire?"

LAST NIGHT'S GALA PERFORMANCE AT THE OPERA.



Mme. Melba, the great soprano, who sang as Mimi in Act III. of "La Bohème."—(H. W. Barnett.)



Miss E. Parkina, a new recruit to Covent Garden this season, who took the part of Musetta in "La Bohème."—(Ellis and Walery.)



Signor Caruso, the most popular tenor of the day. He appeared as Raoul di Mangis in "Gli Ugonotti" and Roderigo in "La Bohème" at last night's gala performance in honour of King Alfonso.



Mme. Destinn, who appeared in the part of Valentina in "Gli Ugonotti."

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(continued from page 10.)

Vogel started, and shot a quick glance in Hilary's direction.

"I should forget that episode in your life, if I were you, Hilary."

Hilary's face worked convulsively. At first he seemed afraid to reply, then suddenly he cried impulsively:

"No—I want to remember it. If only I knew everything that happened then, I might find myself in a different position, and you—things might be different with you, eh?"

Vogel turned his back, so that his face could not be seen.

"How much money do you want—how much did I promise you?" he asked sharply.

"Without waiting for Hilary to reply he folded a wave of notes together and held them out to him.

"Here you are—take that, and go! Of course, you are going—"

"Oh, yes, I'm going." Hilary seized the notes like a starving dog a bone, and counted them over with trembling fingers. "I'm going—we're both going."

Vogel swung round in his chair.

"Both? Together?" He looked at Dolores with a curious evil smile. "Alone together, or are you taking a travelling companion, eh?"

"Our future cannot affect you, surely?" she said coldly.

"When we go or how we go or what we do can have no interest for you—now."

"I'm not so sure of that," Vogel said slowly; he realised that his brain was not as clear as usual, and he was afraid lest he forgot anything or made any mistake. He couldn't quite understand Dolores's attitude towards her husband.

"Is she fooling him or is she trying to fool us both?" was the question he asked himself.

"Let me see," he said, looking her straight in the face, or as straight as his bloodshot eyes could be persuaded to look. "Perhaps you'd like a private chat with me? If so I'm sure Hilary will leave us for a few moments."

Dolores felt Hilary's eyes fasten themselves on her with an intense, eager gaze; she knew what he wanted her to say, and she said it.

"If his wild confession in the cab that afternoon were true—and not a mood or the result of drink, if his passionate avowal of love, later on, in the alcove on the staircase came from his heart and not from his bedrugged, spirit-ridden brain, then she knew that she could do with him as she pleased, that he would serve her as a slave so long as she held out to him the hope of one day winning her love."

It was only a question of how long he would be content to feed on hope.

"You can say all you wish to before my husband," she said quietly, and she felt Hilary's body thrill and quiver; she saw his eyes flash like lightning, and she heard his sudden indrawn breath.

"We have no secrets from one another now; we understand one another."

"Quite serious?" Vogel gasped.

"Really, you are a wonderful woman! I really believe you could tempt Satan to be virtuous! I presume you intend to reside abroad. Would it be diplomatic to ask whether Mr. Merrick accompanies you? By the way, I'm sorry he was hurt this afternoon, but it was his own fault and yours. It could have been managed in a much simpler way, you know."

Dolores rose to her feet, stung to sudden passion.

"If you think—" and then she felt Hilary's hand on her arm and she stopped short. What did it matter what Vogel thought? If she told him that it was an accident, that Merrick really rode to win, to defeat The Devil, it would only do them all harm—and Merrick was in Vogel's power!

She remembered that fatal letter he had signed—the letter which he thought would save her. If only she had guessed then the possibility of bribing her husband by pretending to love him. It

would only have been meeting treachery with treachery.

She was silent, and stood trembling, trying to control herself. But Vogel had seen how his words had stung her, and he watched her out of the corners of his eyes as he continued:—

"I suppose Merrick didn't think it would be necessary to pull his horse over the rails. I suppose you arranged to meet him at the station and run away together—was that why you left before the race? It must have been a great disappointment to you—when you knew the result—when you found your husband instead of your lover in the train."

And Vogel roared with delight; but Dolores grew white with passionate hate of the man who had ruined her life and the lives of those she loved best.

In her misery she conjured up a picture of her lover lying in his bed in Rose Cottage suffering tortures both in mind and body; and she longed to defy Vogel, to tell him the truth, and let him, above all others, know that Merrick's honour was unsold, that the wretched gold which he fingered so lovingly had failed to buy the man she loved. Fate had given him Victory, not she nor Arthur Merrick, not the whispering notes.

"Well, you want a couple of thousand pounds, don't you? It's a lot of money, a lot of money; but I daresay it will heal Merrick's bruises quicker than doctor's medicine—a bank note is a splendid bandage for a broken limb—or," turning to Hilary—"or a broken heart. Here you are, dear lady—don't spend it rashly; you won't find it so easy to earn another two thousand, you know."

He held some notes towards her but she made no effort to take them; on her white cheeks two spots of colour flamed.

"Don't you want it; isn't it enough?"

Still Dolores neither moved nor spoke. Hilary stared at her, trying to discover what was wrong; he touched her gently, and nodded towards Vogel.

"Is he offering you too little?" he whispered.

She laughed loudly, coldly.

Vogel started and looked anxiously across the room towards the hall.

(Continued on page 13.)

A BREATH FROM THE PINES.

How delicious, refreshing and invigorating is the scent of the fir trees, and how it recalls memories of walks over heather-clad hills with murmuring brooks, the drowsy tinkling of the sheepfold, and the sweet peace and restfulness of repose in Nature's arms. "The scent of the pines in the morning breeze" gives new strength, energy, and vigour, and everyone knows how full of healing the fragrance is for the weak, wearied, and convalescent. Now, can you imagine a soap embodying this delicious fragrance, healing influence, and marvellous antiseptic power, and all these virtues brought right into your own home? That is just what you have in "Antexema Soap," the soap that beautifies, and

that is why this delightful soap is so popular with everyone nowadays.

THINK FOR A MINUTE.

People make the mistake of underrating the importance of the soap they use. "Really," they say, "it cannot make very much difference what soap you use, and, after all, one is just as good as another." If you think for a moment you can see how absurd this is. There must, in the nature of things, be a tremendous difference between "Antexema Soap," made of the best and purest materials, entirely free from excess of alkali, imbued with the scent and refreshing influence of the pine forest, and the cheaply manufactured under scientific supervision, on the one hand, and common, everyday soap, with which so many people ruin their complexions, on the other. One improves the complexion, and the other does the reverse.

MAINTAIN THE BEAUTY OF YOUR SKIN.

There are men and women whose looks charm everyone, and it is worth trying to discover the secret of the admiration they inspire. When careful consideration is given to the matter it will be found that in many instances the fascination is neither due to beauty or even regularity of feature, nor even the possession of a good figure. Sometimes the secret is in a pleasant expression, fine teeth, speaking eyes, curling hair, but most often the really due to a perfect skin. The most regular and beautiful features may be completely spoilt by a bad complexion, whilst a dainty, velvety skin, with a peach-like bloom upon it, will often create an impression that the possessor is really beautiful, though the features may be far from regular. The most lovely complexion is due to a perfect skin. The most regular and beautiful features may be completely spoilt by a bad complexion, whilst a dainty, velvety skin, with a peach-like bloom upon it, will often create an impression that the possessor is really beautiful, though the features may be far from regular. The most lovely complexion is due to a perfect skin. The most regular and beautiful features may be completely spoilt by a bad complexion, whilst a dainty, velvety skin, with a peach-like bloom upon it, will often create an impression that the possessor is really beautiful, though the features may be far from regular.

YOU MUST USE SOAP.

Soap is a necessity, as only by its use can the skin be thoroughly cleansed. When we say, thoroughly cleansed we mean that not only does the dirt and dust need to be removed from the surface, but the pores themselves require cleansing as well. The dead scales of the scarf skin must be removed from the surface, and the fresh and beautiful skin below should be brought into view, but to effect all this you must use the right soap. Therefore, use "Antexema Soap," and use it always. Strong, coarse, soaps are bad for the hands and face. They destroy the oil provided by Nature to keep the skin soft and pliable, and people who use soaps of this kind have red, rough, ugly skin. In skin troubles "Antexema Soap" is of the greatest value, and after a cure has been gained by the use of "Antexema" the soap should be continued with to prevent a recurrence of the trouble.

FACT CONCERNING "ANTEXEMA SOAP."

Every time you wash yourself or bathe with "Antexema Soap" it will be a new luxury. You will feel cleaner, fresher, and in every way healthier after its use than you did before. However careless you may be about your own appearance, let us recommend you to attend carefully to the dainty skin of your children, and always use "Antexema Soap" for them, as it will maintain their skin health, and by its antiseptic properties will counteract the danger of infection. If you doubt our statements, try "Antexema Soap" for a week or two, and whether you use it for bath, toilet, or nursery, you will be absolutely convinced of its excellence.

"ANTEXEMA SOAP"

is supplied by all Chemists and Drug Stores at 6d. per tablet, or in boxes containing three tablets for 1s. 6d., or a tablet will be sent post free for 7d., or three tablets in a box for 1s. 6d. by the "Antexema Company," 83, Castle-road, London, N.W.

THE LATEST NOTE IN FASHIONABLE MILLINERY—RETURN OF THE LONG LACE VEIL.

SANDWICH HATS.

THE FASHIONABLE FLOWER IS NOW THE IRIS.

What an interesting season this is to those looking out for millinery. Many and novel are the shapes introduced. Then a triumphant attempt has been made to reinstate the fascinating lace veil to its former supremacy, with the result that real and imitation long lace veils are being draped upon the prettiest millinery models to be discovered.

Lace straws are decidedly in evidence for the dressier hats, and a good many all-black ones are to be seen. Crinoline straw is also in fashion again most emphatically, and for black picture hats is ideal. All-black picture hats are still modish, but many are relieved of their ebony gloom by means of a bunch of white or Delft blue feathers at one side.

Beige and Purple in Combination.

While the round pill-box hat is not in the first rank of fashion now, the sandwich model shown on this page is steadily gaining votaries. One reason of its popularity is that it permits the lace veil to be draped round it very successfully, a privilege all shapes do not allow.

The hat in the picture is made of beige-coloured crinoline straw, with a sandwich of beautiful pansies in the centre, and at the back a large, handsome ostrich feather of beige colour shading to mauve and deep purple. With a beige veil to match the straw, the model is a very artistic and becoming one.

Bandeaus are universally used, and they are deep at the back and left side. The new hat shapes are so mounted on these bandeaus that they pitch forward over the forehead, but without coming down very low or pressing the hair. The width, or rather the depth, of these bandeaus and the way in which they are put in a hat, make all the difference in the world to its appearance, and of two shapes exactly alike one will have an altogether different aspect and effect from the other just by reason of the difference in the bandeau or its method of attachment.

Carnations an Uncommon Choice.

The favourite flowers are roses, pansies, forget-me-nots, convolvulus, thistles, carnations, and iris, which is greatly liked at present, and on some of the hats seen curious combinations of colour are used, which need to be very carefully chosen to be entirely successful. For example, on a small black hat turned up at the back to overlap on the crown, the back was covered with a mass of small flowers, including dark red, pale pink, and yellow rosebuds with foliage. At the front, a little to the right, the brim came to a point. This point was broken, and inside it was a yellow rosebud and sprays of mimosa, and sprays of the latter were arranged with pale blue forget-me-nots to form a flat garland round the crown. Yet, such was the skill in arrangement manifested, that the result was quite delightfully harmonious.

We still cling to the boat-shaped turban, but the newer models have the former pointed fronts rounded, squared, or gently curved; the brims are closer at the back, but further from the crown at the sides and fronts.

The mushroom rosette, which is quite new, will now be used on the brim of a chapeau. These are formed of closely-folded loops arranged to give the same effect as the under side of a mushroom.

Often two shades, or even two colours, are used to make the rosettes, which are of a fair size; and the same idea is applied to the brims of flower toques by means of curled leaves.

As regards ribbons, which are being much used, the gauged effects and quillions have taken their

first favourite. The indented crown is perhaps two and a half inches deep, and half an inch lower at the back, where there is a bandeau placed underneath that holds the chapeau in its place. These are for calm weather; for rough days some substantial headgear prevails.



A new model made of beige crinoline straw and pansies, showing one way of wearing the fashionable lace-bordered veil.

departure, and instead the ribbons are twisted and tied in simple bows, or, in many instances, little knots appear. Ribbons of medium and narrow width are most often used, and the Pompadour patterns are being largely used.

In colours some of the new millinery confections run riot. There are grass greens, brilliant blues, mauves, greys, champagne, bronze, and other beautiful shades. Among the automobile hats for the summer, the sailor, with a turned-up back, is

SAVOURY CREAM SANDWICHES.

INGREDIENTS.—Three pennyworth of cream, slices of brown bread, salmon or shrimp paste, a little finely-chopped parsley.

Beat the cream till it is quite stiff, then stir the fish paste lightly into it, add the parsley and a good seasoning of salt and pepper. Spread this mixture on the slices of bread, then cover with another slice. With a plain cutter stamp out the

sandwiches into small rounds. Arrange them on a lace paper, and do not forget to use the dainty little sandwich flags I mentioned a week or two ago.

WHITE BREAD

When Not Properly Digested Is Frequent Cause of Appendicitis.

A lady had a desperate experience with appendicitis, which she relates as follows:—
"One year ago in May I was operated upon for that dread and yet common disease, appendicitis."

"I was one of the bread eaters."
"I had been very ill for about two weeks, and after the attack could eat nothing, and for some reason the attending physician gave me calomel, which salivated me in the worst form."

"My stomach and intestines were sore and bleeding, and I could not take a swallow of milk without suffering untold agony. I thought I would starve to death, for the only way I could take nourishment was wringing cloths in hot milk and laying them over my stomach. I grew very weak and for days my life hung on a single thread."

"My sister came every day to see me, bringing something to try to comfort me and tempt my appetite. One day she came with a packet of Grape-Nuts."

"My nurse at once prepared a little of the food, which, to the joy of everyone present, I could eat and keep on my stomach, and there is no doubt it all digested immediately without hurting me. It agreed with my weak, broken-down system, and commenced to build me up from the start, and I began to get well. I kept on with Grape-Nuts, and to-day I can say I am as well as I ever was; have been doing all my own work since last September. Grape-Nuts is still my favourite dish at this home, and I will not be without it in the house." Name given by Grape-Nuts Company, 66, Shoe-lane, London, E.C.

Many people have trouble in digesting the volume of starch food, Bread, Potatoes, Rice, Oats, Cereals, Cake, etc., etc., and the undigested part ferments, becomes sour starch, and sets up all sorts of trouble, the result producing a diseased condition of the bowels and ending in appendicitis. The true and safe food for such people is Grape-Nuts, in which the starch part has been pre-digested in the process of making. Trial tells the truth.

"There's a reason."
7d. per packet. "Ask the grocer."

Icilma.

Icilma Natural Water is a marvellous, painless remedy for itchy sore eyes, chilblains, chaps, nettles-rash, sprains, bruises, cuts, burns, and insect stings. Prevents and cures sunburn, prickly heat, eczema, and irritations from heat, riding or walking.

Icilma Floor Cream contains no grease, and its cleansing virtue makes the skin healthy, transparent, free from roughness, wrinkles, and superfluous hair, and gives a lovely clear complexion that needs no powder.

Icilma Soap is invaluable for hard or brackish water, and for all skin irritations, and is a revelation of what a toilet and medicinal soap can be. Its marvellous healing and beautifying powers, its refreshing effects when the skin is irritated, or warm, its absolute harmlessness, make ICILMA a necessity in every home and to every traveller.

Water 1s., Cream 1s., Soap 10d.
Send 2d. stamps for samples Soap and Cream, and Booklet with Catalogue.

ICILMA CO., Ltd. (Dept. D), 142, Gray's Inn-road, London

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MADAME DOWDING, THE "PRETTY POLLY."



From 25s. to 3l. Guineas.

MADAME DOWDING, Corsièrre, 8 & 10, CHARIOT CROSS ROAD, (Opposite the National Gallery, Trafalgar Square).

IMPORTANT NOTICE.—Madame Dowding is sorry she cannot send the REDINGTON by return of post, the demand for the little garment being so great that it is impossible to get them made in less than six days after receipt of order.
GENTLEMEN'S BELTS A SPECIALTY.

LOST IN THE WINNING.

(Continued from page 11.)

"Yes," she cried, "he is offering me too little; not all his vast fortune could pay for the ruin he has caused, could atone for the wrong he has done honest men to-day, men whose shoes he is not fit to black, men whose names are loved and respected as his is hated and scorned."

"Silence," Vogel hissed. "Do you want to wake the whole house."

"Are you afraid of the house hearing the truth?" she laughed hysterically. "One day the whole world shall hear the truth, shall know you as you are, shall see the vile things you have done in other men's names; one day the real history of this men's Derby shall be written, and men shall know how and why Mr. B. S. Vogel won."

Vogel recovered his equanimity.
"I trust not, for your sake and your husband's, and also for your lover's sake," he smiled. "I should advise you to go to bed and rest, my dear lady; the events of the past day have been too much for you; you are hysterical; you are talking nonsense, only, unfortunately, it is dangerous nonsense." He slipped his hand into a pigeon-hole in the escritoire and pulled out a letter and held it up for Dolores to see.

"If you allow your hysterics to get possession of you again, I may be forced to use this letter in self-defence. As I have written you a letter which he has written to you which are lying safely in my study at Newmarket."

"There are many strange letters and papers lying hidden there," Hilary whispered.

"Give that letter to me," Dolores cried, stretching out her hand. "Give it to me—I demand it."

"Oh, no, I never return letters," Vogel smiled,

"But it's no use to you now—your horse has won, you won. That was only written in case—"

"In case of an accident. I know. Nevertheless I prefer to keep it; here is the price I paid for it—two thousand pounds. Isn't it enough?"

And again he held out the bundle of notes.
"Take them, Dolores, take them and come away," Hilary whispered. "I'll get that letter for you one day. Take the money and come away."

With a stifled cry Dolores seized the notes and scrunched them in her hands, and faced Vogel with blazing eyes. But he looked at her with an evil, drunken leer.

"That's right. I thought you wouldn't refuse good money. 'Tisn't like a woman to refuse money. And I must say you've earned it; so has poor old Merrick. Go, change his wounds with it, dear lady; go and bandage his wounds with it."

"You think we allowed The Devil to win," Dolores hissed, bending over Vogel like an avenging angel, holding the notes in her outstretched hand. "You think that we arranged for King Daffodil to be beaten; you think your threats terrified me, and your filthy gold bought Merrick's honour. Then you shall have the truth. You won, because, as you truly say, the devil always wins, and you are his dearest friend; but Merrick did not intend you to win. I did not intend you to win. The mishap was really an accident."

"These scraps of paper couldn't buy Arthur Merrick's honour. Don't you remember I told you that there was something all your gold couldn't buy? You didn't believe me, but it was true. You couldn't buy his honour, you couldn't buy his honour. Take your money, I've no right to it for I didn't earn it—take it back." She tore the notes in half and threw them into his face, and they fell fluttering around him like a host of little

white, whispering ghosts. "Take your money back, the god you worship! It is vile, unclean; use it to pay he who gave you victory, your master, Satan. I'd rather starve than touch it; take it all, all—and with it my everlasting hatred, my everlasting curse!"

She turned and swept across the room out of the door.

Vogel sat motionless staring after her, his face distorted with rage and fear. Then slowly he looked at Hilary, and he sneered jeeringly:

"Are you still anxious to make good your claim? Are you still burning to possess your wife?"

At the sound of his voice Hilary dropped on to his knees and began picking up the torn and scattered notes and stuffing them into his pocket.

"Yes," he stammered, as he saw Vogel appropriating all he could find. "Yes, more anxious than ever; and I love her more than ever, because she's the only person in the world I've met who is not afraid of you. She has defied you—and now—now—" He stuffed the notes well home into his pockets and edged towards the door—"Now I defy you, too. She's not afraid of you, so I don't fear you. Give me up to the police if you like—if you like, if you dare. But I don't think you will dare for that night at Frampton Court one of your secrets escaped and hid in my drunken heart—and I've never going to let it go—never—until I've discovered what lies at the bottom of the Dugger Bank Gold Mines."

Vogel rose from his chair with a furious oath, but Hilary slipped like a shadow from the room, and when Vogel reached the hall only a tired servant met him, yawning wearily as she opened the shutters and let the early sunlight stream through the windows.

And the hall clock chimed the hour—six.

(To be continued.)

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